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THE

AERONAUT.

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Caveat emptor. Old Proverb.

QUIDNONIANA. NO.

IT is a thought which has often darkened with gloomy shadows my visions of future fame, how much of our miserable existence is consumed in fruitless lamentations over actions which can never be recalled. It may be safely computed, that the one half of life is expended in sighing over the misguided labors of

the other; in embittering the present with recollections of the past, and supplying the vigor of exertion by tears of solitary repentance. After considering that the greatest, the wisest, and the best of men, have not escaped these hours of bitter meditation at the remembrance of former folly, I have been sometimes tempted to throw down the pen in an agony of phrenzy; to relinquish in a moment the labor of years; and to resolve upon an abandonment of projects, whose every step seemed enveloped in the shades of eternal death. Feeling assumes so large a share in the government of human conduct, that the generality of our race are emphatically the slaves of every successive impulse which incites them to action: we are tossed, like feathers on the ocean, from the adoption of one expedient, to its rejection for another; vacillate in restless motion between the influence of contending passions; and advance in a system of determination and change, resolving and re-resolving, hurry and repentance, till death shuts the scene, and speculation is at end forever.

When ruminating on the

occasions of melancholy reminiscences which most commonly fall to the lot of men, I have been many a time forcibly struck with the reflection, how much matrimony has swelled the records of human affliction: and I even think that a mournfully interesting though useless volume might be formed, by simple and unembellished details, drawn from the wretched catalogue of unhappy matches. I call such a labor useless, as indeed it must always necessarily be, from the very nature and constitution of the human mind. Wedlock is a subject, about which mankind take the liberty of being pretty generally directed by their own guidance: and in an affair where individual taste is so intimately concerned, and passion takes the helm of authoritative government, it were folly to disturb the chain that connects a human being, with the object of his dearest affections. The quaint but sapient rule, that "Marriage and hanging go by destiny", conveys no very imperfect representation of the progressive steps of man from

single solitude to wedded love. The voice of experience avails nothing in a cause like this: and the victim rushes rapidly forward to the goal of his wishes, as if impelled by some secret agency, that hurried his footsteps in the paths of fate, and made pause and retreat alike impossible to choice.

Vain, however, as exertions from any quarter would prove, with the intention of stopping the mighty tide of human passions, and most of all on a subject like the present; yet this does not leave without the deep blemish of crimes, these miserable victims of matrimonial impatience. I know of no philosophy that has done more real injury to the human race, under the mantle of a specious benevolence, than that short sighted system, which has made love an all-absorbing principle, to which the heart is bound to yield the tribute of its obedience, while prudence and discretion are lifting the solemn voice of remonstrance. Where is the excellence of ~~yielding~~ bending

beneath the hurried impulses of an arbitrary passion, which is to be succeeded by the shame of a speedy repentance? The giddy-brained stripling, who is just peeping abroad upon the mighty Babel before him; whose inquiries of course have never dug beneath the surface, and to whom the book of experience is as a volume sealed; is treading but an slippery ground, when he ventures his footsteps on a course so far beyond the limits of his knowledge, and the extent of his conceptions. The sun shines brightly over the honey-moon of his hopes and pleasures, his pleasing dreams, and golden anticipations: but the hour of retribution arrives at last, when the veil of deception is withdrawn from the scene; the films drop from his mental vision; the vessels of treasured wretchedness are emptied upon his head; and remorse, and wreck, and ruin, are the miserable remnants of madness and folly.

The union of man and woman in the bonds of marriage

life, without an exact examination of character on either side, is a compact formed in folly, and must end in bitterness at last. Relinquishing with what I have already said, this pitiable example of youthful folly, I am in hopes of escaping from the charge of narrow-hearted avarice, in noticing one grand requisite to an entrance upon the career of matrimonial felicity. Without descending into useless particulars, it is sufficient to state this broad and universal proposition; that the beggar who is cast upon the ocean of existence, with a wife in prospect, and subsistence invisible, cannot live upon his love alone, however pure the flame may burn to heaven. If the accounts of the candidate, before he starts his race, are not reduced to that system of well-ordered calculation, which may not enkindle the ardor of affection, but is indispensable to the maintenance of the body; the voice of famine will shortly proclaim what love was too blind to discover. There is little elevation either of feeling or condition, in houseless poverty, and naked des-

titution; however these may be overlooked in the ardor of mutual attachment, and the illusions of visionary hope.

It is upon this very point, that my choler has risen a thousand times before the present, and my judgment borne testimony against the wretched evils of the times. The joys of humble penury; of filth, famine, nakedness, and disease; when obtruded upon our sympathy by these crazy-brained philosophers, would be laughable if the subject was not too solemn for ridicule. As to the language of poetry, its very nature precludes any credit to its effusions. The bard has, indeed written to us of the tranquil pleasures of domestic peace, and in the melancholy gloom of the garret, has struck his lyre to the praises of the wife of his bosom, and the children of his heart. But poesy cannot deal in the literal axioms of sober truth; and fancy must have her reign, though honor is sacrificed at her altar. The effusions of the minstrel, to us, removed at a distance from the scenes of his joys and sorrows, convey

but an imperfect picture of the home of his private life: and could we follow him in all cases from the portraits of his magic pencil, to the sequestered retirement of his habitation, it is to be feared the contrast would in many ~~cases~~ instances be too striking for mistake. In the study of the published labors of the ~~lord~~ child of genius, we follow the march of mind in its etherial aspirations, but we have no perception of the scene where it commenced its flight: while the delights recorded by his flowing pen, and the real state of the attendant circumstances, may be distant as the poles asunder.

Far be it from me to give the most distant idea, of the possibility of adversity eradicating from the heart the firmness of connubial attachment, where the seeds have once been thickly sown. That affection is indeed of a very slender texture, whose substance will not remain the same, whether peaceful sunshine gilds the passing day, or storms and tempests gather midnight darkness around. But there are sympathies and ~~feelings~~ sensations interwo-

ven with that love which is the genuine offspring of a feeling breast, which the least discordant confusion in extenal circumstances disturbs in the fine mould in which they are set. It is impossible that any human being, whatever be the occupation in which he moves, can find opportunities, in the distractions of poverty and embarrassment, for the development and exercise of those gentle emotions, which can only act in the calm tranquillity of domestic peace. He who should find himself on a sudden deprived of the means of gratifying these heart-felt pleasures, would in time experience in person, that with the loss of the power of their enjoyment, the relish for their sweetness is gradually diminished: indifference swiftly follows; and the beautiful charm is insensibly dissolved.

To what then are we tending? The point where the settlement is made lies nothing ambiguous or concealed, for fact is too plain for mystery. When, instead of plunging into the gulph of matrimony without the ghost of a shilling to

cheer the way, the prudent adventurer secures his future weal, by such precautions as shall serve the purposes of tranquil independence; it is then that wisdom regulates the devious aberrations of human passion. It is then that the contrast is seen, between the corresponding influences of easy competence on the one hand, and squalid wretchedness on the other. It is when the road of life is cheered by the day-light of pleasure and of hope; and inward peace with outward plenty, combines to sweeten the passage that leads us to the grave; that man has the only felicitous opportunity of calling out those social feelings, which grace the dwelling of hymeneal enjoyment: the blessings of home then shine out for him in all their lustre; and the gloom of daily care casts no cloud of darkling sorrow over the softened beauties of the scene. The picture here is complete in all its parts; while, if we should enter the cottage which the poet has placed in sequestered tranquillity by the side of some running stream, fanned by the gentle breeze, and scented with

the fragrance of Nature, the internal economy of the lowly habitation would probably too quickly realize the truth of the proverb, "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window."

But whither is the weary wanderer to fly in his search for a partner of his bosom, who may be gifted with a kindred soul, and a congenial temperament of feeling? The philosophers have taken virtue, wit, and beauty, from the ranks of higher and middle life, and placed them as guardian angels to the hovels of secluded poverty. But I scarcely ever knew a female drawn from so degraded a sphere, when she assumed the duties of married life, steer between the wretched extremes of vulgar avarice, and wanton waste. Suddenly transplanted from her native walk, she enters upon a station unconnected with all the sentiments and associations of her earlier days: and, if habit is allowed to be a second nature, whatever may once have been the soil of her mind, it is probably too deeply corrupted to admit of remedy. The puny slave of Mammon, who makes money the object of his highest as-

pirations, is a master in the moral world: but it is among the regions of honorable independence, that we may most confidently hope to meet with the fond wife, and the exemplary mother. If the object of our choice be endowed with the requisites to form so exalted a character, and affluence be an additional recommendation, there will no evil accrue from so acceptable an ornament: and the very beings that have stigmatized the possession of comfortable riches, are those who have assiduously endeavored, without succeeding in its attainment.

With these rules before him, let the adventurer take a long look before he embarks on his voyage. For my own part, my fears have been such, that I have never yet ventured upon matrimony: for no sooner have I settled the arrangements for the approaching change, than the saying of an old poet has rung like a thunder-clap upon my ear, "Of all diseases that ever were, marriage is next unto the gout."

Q.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 102.

Agrestem Tenui meditabor arundine Musam.

VIRGIL.

My Pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings.

DRYDEN.

GRESSET, the lively and ingenious author of *Vert-vert*, holds a deservedly conspicuous place among the French poets of the eighteenth century. He has written nothing in verse of any remarkable length, or depth of observation: but his pieces are characterised by that lively turn of thought, and beautiful simplicity of expression, which throw a glowing charm over the most unimportant subjects. After a life of eminent literary distinction,

and popular applause, he expired at his native town, Amiens, on the 16th of June, 1777, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

It is not to be supposed that our author surmounted, by his single genius, those obstacles to poetical excellence, which baffled the repeated labors of the greatest of his countrymen. In turning from the inspired effusions of English minstrelsy, we in vain glance through the noblest efforts of the rival Muse, for that glow of language, and elevation of expression, which fix so obvious a line of distinction between the prosaic and the metrical diction of our native tongue. The easy melody of Pope, the gigantic majesty of Milton, and the "brave disorder" of the Prince of Dramatists, with all the ridicule of Frenchmen, remain without a parallel in the atchievements of their mighty school. All their poetry, from the very nature and constitution of their language, suited only for conversation, must carry with it the indelible marks of labor. The lavish energy of tragedy, and the flowing grace of comedy, lose half their charms by the slavish dependence on a constant recurrence of rhymes, without-

which the French have no versification. And it is singular enough, that at the very time in which Voltaire was casting the venom of his satire over the immortal productions of the bard of Avon, he was pilfering from his works the choicest beauties of the British master.

The "Siècle Pastoral" of Gresset, though a rhapsody in sentiment, is yet beautiful in its construction; and is remarkable for that elegant conciseness, by which the expression is exactly adapted to the thought, and the mind is not left to wander in a maze of words. An attempt to translate this exquisite production, is presented in the number now furnished to our readers. No version which is faithful to the original, can ever equal its excellence: and as an exact resemblance to the thought of the French author was endeavored to be presered in the following imitation, those who wish to be more intimately acquainted with the beauties of this Pastoral, must examine it in the language in which it was first written.

THE PASTORAL AGE.

I.

LONG vanish'd days! whose rising light
Dawn'd on the earth's aspiring age;
What shades have quench'd your charms in night,
Save on the poet's picture'd page?

2.

While o'er each dark and shadowy face,
Remembrance broods in fruitless sighs,
Ye shine, like painting's mimic grace,
When cold in dust the pattern lies.

3.

Then, sullen o'er the with'ring ground,
No Winter stretch'd his baleful wing,
But endless autumn's treasures crown'd,
The flow'rets of eternal spring.

4.

The shepherd, on the rural plain,
Reclin'd beneath his native tree,
Delighted rais'd the festive strain,
And nobly felt that he was free.

5.

While cousing thro' the flow'ry maze,
Ease was the equal lot of man,
And plenty, in those golden days,
On earth her circling reign began.

6.

Deep in the willow's arching shade,
Bright roll'd the hours of mutual love;
Their temple was the cavern'd glade,
~~Their altar was the whisp'ring grove.~~
~~And native dities deck'd the grove.~~

7.

Celestial pleasure beam'd around,
In smiles benignant from on high,
Nor mighty thunder's bursting sound,
Reveal'd the monarchs of the sky.

8.

Where, darkly o'er the tranquil way,
No baser passion's fury burn'd,
So placid virtue's genial ray,
Man with a holier rapture turn'd.

9.

The musing swains, untaught to drink,
In darkling error's poison'd bowl,
From present nature learn'd to think,
And reason with an artless soul.

10.

By order's light, in duty's cause,
Far from embattl'd fields of strife,
They own'd the bond of social laws,
And drew from heav'n the rules of life.

11.

Tho' not, like Rome, the peaceful plain
Reechoed to the schoolmen's rage,
Nor shepherds heard, in useless strain,
The well-turn'd maxims of the sage;

12.

Yet, guiltless thro' sequester'd bowers,
Their steps in paths of beauty ran,
And envious time's successive hours,
Came fraught with happiness to man.

13.

Mild labor gently turn'd the soil,
Blest by the genial beams of heav'n,
Nor tedious pains, nor meaner toil,
In wrath to mortal hands were given.

14.

Hark! mid the grove's inviting ground,
Harmonious numbers charm the soul:
And, kindled by the thrilling sound,
Apollo's earliest measures roll.

15.

Thus, music, in her soothing rest,
To slumber lull'd each mad desire,
And ev'ry subject heart confest
The transports of a minstrel's lyre.

16.

Deep in the mine's unwholesome shade,
No miser clasp'd the buried gold;
No warrior drew his crimson'd blade,
No navies on the ocean roll'd.

17.

The swain, from childhood's earliest hour,
At leisure roam'd his native field,
In age, the same paternal bower
Beheld his vanquish'd spirit yield.

18.

Virtue in youth, in age content,
Cheer'd the bright years of pure delight,
Friendship and love united blent,
Their peerless radiance to the sight.

19.

Death, which in this dark age of crime,
Enshrouds our hopes in early gloom,
Quench'd not, in manhood's op'ning prime,
Its new-born promise in the tomb.

20.

The tuneful choirs, each festal day,
To rival measures struck the wire,
While Woman's envied charms display
The victors on the rustic lyre.

21.

Love, the bright god of shepherd hearts,
In faithful bosoms dwelt secure;
His winged shafts were golden darts,
His laws were just, his reign was pure.

22.

No secret crimes, no pallid fears,
Cast in his paths one darker trace,
Nor dread remorse, nor sorrowing tears,
In horror veil'd his matchless grace.

23.

No rural nymph repentant sigh'd,
Through learning's dang'rous roads to stray;
Enough for her was beauty's pride,
To light her steps, and charm her way.

24.

Fresh lustre to her graceful mien,
The fairest flowers of nature gave;
Her toilet was the sloping green,
Her mirror was the chrystal wave.

25.

Her steps, which deck'd the rustic shade,
Gay darted thro' the welcome fold,
While robes of purest fleece array'd,
Her form of beauty's magic mould.

26.

To shield her flocks in danger's hour,
From'd earlier youth's delightful care:
She deign'd herself to claim the power,
Which baser spirits scorn to wear.

27.

Vision of elder joys! farewell!
Mid the dim light of darker days,
The tale of vanish'd times to tell,
The saddening poet wakes his lays.

28.

Too blissful swains! your pleasing lot,
For this degen'rate age is o'er:
The light that cheer'd your natal cot,
Its noontide splendor lives no more.

29.

But why for fancied joys bewail,
And love which mortals never knew?
Has heav'n, to prove the vanish'd tale,
Pronounc'd the minstrel's record true?

30.

Man, bending o'er the sacred page,
Weeps while he reads of shameless crime;
And mourns the guilt that stain'd an age,
Mark'd by the earliest steps of time.

31.

And since that hour, when morning light,
Dawn'd on the murder'd shepherd's gore,
Earth, kindling at the baleful sight,
Has steam'd with blood, on hill and shore.

32.

Then cease, repining thoughts, to stray,
In twilight gloom, thro' visions past;
Man toils thro' guilt's inglorious way,
To seize the bliss that cannot last.

Q.

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THE AERONAUT.

No. 183.

Sparsas colligere frondes.

IN the present number, we introduce our readers to two of the later Greek poets, who, although they are certainly not to be ranked among the higher order of ancient bards, yet claim for their works all the honor which is due to sound sense, and excellent verse. We have placed them together, because they flourished pretty nearly in the same age, and the subjects of which they treat are closely connected.

RHIANUS, the first of whom we shall speak, is said to have been a native of the island of Crete, and is distinguished both as a poet and grammarian. To verse, however, he devoted his principal labors; and his history of Messene is considerably commended by Pausanias. According to Suetonius, the poems of Rhianus were very much admired by the emperor Tiberius, who

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placed his bust in the public libraries, among those of the most eminent poets.

There is a dignity and a knowledge of human nature, in the moral fragments of our author, which entitles them to considerable attention. One of his writings of this nature, we have given at present, in English verse. His epigrams are beautifully written, but polluted by the licentiousness which stained the period in which he lived; which was about two centuries before the Christian æra.

—o—

ON HUMAN FOLLY.

MAN, while he treads each varied scene of earth,
Defeats the promis'd object of his birth;
Rejects his lot, and wildly dares to scan,
The secret mazes of the heav'nly plan:
And king and beggar, each with rival hate,
Reasons with God the justice of his state.

The unkennell'd starveling, nightly doom'd to roam,
Thro' fields and forests for his wand'ring home,
To sinless heav'n, imputes in guilty rage,
The thick'ning horrors that enshroud his age.
Yet can his sight no surer causes find,
Bright thro' the follies of his wav'ring mind.
His nerves untun'd to all but sorrow's sound,
Quake if a lordling's shadow crofs the ground:
In dreams of grief, his vague ideas roll,
And words and actions vanish from his soul.

But mark how sudden wealth's delusive dream,
Leads the blind fancy to a worse extreme.

The monarch lull'd by grandeur's soft deceit,
Scarce thinks that earth is measur'd by his feet;
And, fondly great, mid life's contracted span,
Forgets his erring grandsire was a man:
In puny pride, his little arms upreare,
To hurl, like Jove, his thunder thro' the spheres:
Tho' small his size, by sparing nature giv'n,
His daring thoughts leave earth, and soar to heav'n;
So, mad with power, his tow'ring form would fly,
In gath'ring splendors to the upper sky,
Woo bright-arm'd Pallas with an angel's grace,
And take, mid radiant gods, its envied place.

But swift destruction steals her silent way,
And calls each source of vengeance into play:
Youth and age, in varying forms appears,
And shifts her visage with ascending years.
Complacent Justice gently laughs the while,
And Heav'n's immortal King sits tranquil with a smile.

In these lines of the Grecian poet, may be seen a faithful portrait of that character, which remains without any deviation thro' the lapse of succeeding ages. Man, at the present day, may view in this well-drawn picture, those miserable extremes and alternations of folly; that reluctant spirit; that appetite for change; that depression in the ills, and confidence amidst the joys of mortality; which mark him as an inconsistent being, a frail and miserable relic of the image of his God. Rhianus, tho' unable by the light of reason to account for the causes of human error, could yet perceive the facts which existed in his day; and accordingly embodied

his reflections on the follies of ~~human~~ mankind, in the lines of which a version has just been presented.—

CLEANTHES, one of whose writings forms the second subject of our notice, was a Stoic, who flourished 240 years before Christ, and was the successor of Zeno, his friend and preceptor. Originally a wrestler, his ardor for the acquisition of knowledge led him to embrace the meanest manual labor during the night, that in the day he might mingle in the studies of the portico: and it was in this manner that he ~~began~~ continued his philosophical pursuits, till death removed his master, and his reputation exalted him to the vacant chair.

The Hymn to Jupiter, which is given below, will afford a just specimen of the author's views as a moral writer. So much poetical genius is not often found to animate the soul of a philosopher, nor so correct a system of duty to direct the conduct of a heathen. The Christian, by substituting the name of his own Almighty Protector, for that of the Deity which forms the subject of his song, may here find depicted the most distinguishing attributes of that God, whose government is without control, and to whose dominion there is no end.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

.ooo◎ooo.

PRINCE of the Gods, and man's immortal sire,
Thy power, thy fame, my kindling notes inspire!
Our race from thee, each welcome blessing draws,
Sons of thy care, and subjects of thy laws.

Then well may bards the tuneful honor claim,
Since all can hail thee with a father's name.
On earth each living form our eyes can see,
Shines by reflected splendor drawn from thee:
A prostrate world its suppliant homage pays,
Flies at thy mandates, and thy call obeys.
Thy conqu'ring hands, from radiant spheres on high,
Spread quenchless lightnings thro' the op'ning sky;
Earth, dark with terror, shakes responsive round,
And pallid nature heaved a trembling sound.
Thus passive mortals one fix'd order know,
Equal for all, the splendid and the low;
While thou alone, o'er nature's circling range,
Art still supremely great, without a change.
Without thy fost'ring aid, none toil for gain,
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and o'er the subject main:
Save when the bad, to darker thoughts a prey,
In madd'ning rage, from envious duty stray.
Excess sinks measur'd by thy plastic hand,
Order and grace in due gradation stand:
The jarring discord, by thy forming mind,
Becomes one common law for all mankind.
Yet wayward vice, mid pleasure's lawless sphere,
From God's instructions turns the deafen'd ear.
Good is the object, while mistaken strife,
Hates the calm comforts of a virtuous life.
In glory's paths, some pant for laurell'd fame,
And some, to purchase money, sell their name.

Here sloth, there sensual pleasure, leads the day,
And mind in soft allurements dies away.

But thou! whose arms the winged clouds control,
And wield thy thunders to the distant pole;
Whose scatter'd gifts in swift profusion fly,
Shine thro' the earth, and glitter in the sky;
Thy subject sons from error's maze defend,
And bid their conqu'ring genius to ascend!
Inspire that knowledge, in thy fav'ring love,
Which guides thy sceptred hand, from realms above.
Then shall our answ'ring hearts, in grateful lays,
Sound the full paean of immortal praise.
To men, or gods, no nobler theme belongs,
Than to thy justice to inscribe their songs.

Q.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 184.

Aeschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
HOR.

Aeschylus, the father of dramatists, was born at Athens, about five centuries before the Christian era. Posterity, noticing with slighter praise the heroism of his valor on the plains of Marathon, have awarded the laurel of their grandest approbation to those more durable monuments of his glory, the efforts of his inventive mind. An early perusal of the works of Homer, laid the foundation of that poetical ardor, which, amid the dangers of naval and military enterprize, though often interrupted, was never diminished in his soul. To enter into detail with regard either to the circumstances of his life,

or the nature of his efforts for the establishment of the drama, would be superfluous, when so much has been written, and so much is known. Upon some disgust, the origin of which is not rightly known, the poet retired from the place of his nativity to the court of Hiero, King of Sicily, where he died in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after a life spent in the cultivation of his genius, and the service of his country.

When a solitary genius, unassisted by the efforts of preceding minds, ventures beyond the narrow prejudices of his age, and strikes out a new path-way in the regions of intellect; his original conceptions claim a praise, which his more imitative successors can never attain. When, therefore, we have assigned to our immortal poet all the bays that his most successful productions can demand, we have paid only a small part of that tribute of applause, which constitutes the imperishable bulwark of his renown. It is the design, and not so much the execution of his plan, that raises our brightest ideas of the grandeur of his mind. The drama, all nude naked before him. He had no models ready formed for his improvement; no partial hints to unfold; no well-drawn sketches to complete. His capacious genius toiled amid contemporary ignorance and error: he kindled at the altar

of his own vivid fancy the first sparks of dramatic glory; and rose, by one mighty step, from darkness into day.

In analysing the characteristic qualities of our author's mind, a more exact parallel may be discerned between him and the great Father of the British drama, than may be seen in the case of any other ancient author of his school. The same exuberance of imagination, the same originality and boldness of design, the same daring carelessness of strength, which hurried Shakespeare beyond all the little rules of art, and all the boundaries of time and space, wrapt the aspiring Æschylus into all the wildest improbabilities of fiction. In obeying the ~~flights~~ dictates of his own directing genius, he penetrated into regions where few could follow, and left a void between nature and impossibility, which none but a kindred temperament could fill. Conception and execution seemed to be almost instantaneous efforts of his mind; as if he scorned to model by the regulations of custom, the rude forms his fancy had created. Sophocles is uniformly sublime; Euripides uniformly tender. But Æschylus ranges through all the varieties of passion, with a rapidity which no trammels can retard; and, with equal ease, vibrates to the opposite extremes of pity and of rage. His energy forces us wherever he points the way: we feel that it is a master that commands; and follow with involuntary ardor those excur-

sions of his mind, which are violating every rule of arrangement which unity prescribes.

But we may carry our resemblance farther. It is not only in the untameable sublimity of his genius, that Aeschylus may be found a worthy prototype of the immortal Briton. His portraits of human nature, in those few specimens of his mind which remain to us amid the lapse of ages, are deeply engaging, and uniformly consistent. His hero never deviates from his valor; his tyrant never yields his ferocity; his deities are always great, his virtuous are always pure. There is no confusion of dissimilar qualities: all act their parts with united reference to the grand design, but never discordant with themselves.

In the management of the Chorus, which in the other tragedians, shews such a want of unnatural stiffness over the whole arrangement of the play, Aeschylus is especially successful. The attention is not diverted from the main plot, by tedious apothegms of uninteresting morality, and dry disquisitions on abstract virtues. The thoughts which he introduces, are such as would naturally occur to an attentive and feeling spectator of the scene; and

have the additional advantage of professing all the familiarity of dialogue.

Aschylus is probably the most difficult of all the Greek classics. His style is the burning language of enthusiasm and vigor. He does not pause to labor, to poise, to mature. To a modern, therefore, there is much obscurity of construction and of meaning: and we labor under the embarrassment which, in being a space of time from the existence of the author, necessarily occurs, either from the alterations or additions of other hands. There are points which bear the evident marks of injury, from whatever cause it proceeds: and these foreign intrusions, added to the nature of the great master's faculties of mind, throw no small obstacle in the way of a correct understanding of his sentiments and expression.

The Prometheus Vinctus, which we present to our readers a translation in the following number, is perhaps the happiest effort of the author's mind. It bears all the characteristics of his genius, in their highest magnificence and splendor. He disdains the narrow limits of the visible world, penetrates to regions where mortals never trod, and summons all the imagery of heaven to his aid. Prometheus, chained by Vulcan at the order of Jupiter to the desert summit of Caucasus, for his audacious

theft of the element which Jove had forbidden to man, consoles himself with signifying to his tormentor the profession of a secret, relative to the unknown misfortunes that should hurl him from his throne. This treasure he refuses to disclose, unless released from his anguish, and restored to liberty by the Sire of the Gods. This, however, he refuses to grant, and the convulsions of an earthquake bury Prometheus in darkness. The inflexible firmness of the hero, together with his immoveable silence in the commencement of the play, are sublime beyond expression. The unwillingness of Vulcan to perform the orders of his master, is beautifully contrasted with the vulgar insolence of Strength and Force. Jo is gentle and tender; and the Chaus of Sea Nymphs mingle firmness and wisdom, with the mildest sympathy and compassion. The whole is finely united; but Prometheus shines above them all.

Our translation of this master-piece of dramatic writing, we have given in rhyme, because it would be useless to attempt it in blank verse, after the beautiful Specimen of Potter. He seems, indeed, to have caught the etherial fire of his great original, in his version of the sublimest parts of the

present tragedy. He is not, however, without considerable deficiencies, and those in the most important cases. His errors are frequently such as to involve the charge, either of culpable carelessness, or imperfect knowledge. In the most difficult passages, he altogether evades a translation; and there are parts, both in the Prometheus and in the Eumenides, where he has entirely mistaken the meaning. To correct some of these faults in our great predecessor, with no hopes of equalling his excellencies, will be our humble endeavor in the present version. - Sic transeat. ———— Q.

THE AERONAUT.

No. 185.

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

Translated from the Greek of Aeschylus.

Argument.

Prometheus having stolen fire from Jupiter, and given it to men, by means of which they invented every art; Jupiter, filled with rage, delivers him to Strength and Force, two of his ministers, and to Vulcan, who were to bind him with iron chains to Mount Caucasus. Upon this, all the Ocean Nymphs come to console him; and Ocean himself offers to plead for him before Jupiter, and to entreat his deliverance. Prometheus, however, will not permit him, knowing that his tormentor would remain inflexible; and Ocean returning, the wandering Io, the daughter of Inachus, enters, and learns from the sufferer an account both of her own past and future sufferings; and also that one of her descendants should liberate him, viz. Hercules, the son of Jupiter; and that from her union with Jupiter, she should bring forth Epaphus. While Prometheus is railing bitterly at his tormentor, and predicting

his fall from the government by the son whom she should bear him, Mercury comes by the order of Jupiter, to threaten him with a storm of thunder and lightning, unless he discloses to Jupiter his future fate. This he refuses, and vanishes amid the convulsions of an earthquake.

Dramatis Personæ.

Strength and Force.
Vulcan.
Prometheus.
Oceanus.
Io.
Mercury.

CHORUS of Sea Nymphs.

SCENE.

Mount Caucasus, in Scythia.

Strength, Force, Vulcan, Prometheus.

STRENGTH.

AT length remote Scythia's pathless soil,
Prescribes the distant limit of our toil.
Vulcan, in haste thy great commission ply,
High Jove's imperial mandate from the sky.
Fix'd on these rocks, to tedious woes consign'd,
In massive chords this daring spirit bind:
Let each firm link his struggling powers restrain,
And nail, with conquering arm, the adamantine chain.
Ambition bade his impious hands aspire,
To pluck from heav'n thy flame of quick'ning fire.
For this bold deed, celestial justice pays,
The penal vengeance that awaits his days:
That, wise hereafter, he may cease his plan,
To spurn th' Almighty, for his love to man.

VULCAN.

Ye powers, your settl'd order here must close,
No more delays your pleasure can oppose.
But, for myself, I tremble to prepare,
Th' unwilling task you bid my spirit dare;
To fix a kindred god, in fetters bound,
To this rude rock's inhospitable ground.
But fate resistless speeds my irksome way;
The King commands, 'tis wisdom to obey.
Great Son of Themis, on this desert strand,
'Tis mine to bind thee with reluctant hand,
Where no kind voice, no welcome figure near,
Shall charm thine eye, or whisper in thine ear.
Stretch'd to the fiery sun's meridian rays,
Thy flow'ring bloom shall wither in the blaze:
Clad in her varying robe, the radiant night
Shall screen thee grateful from the beams of light;
And swift as darkness flies, and warmth again
Melts the long dew-track on the whit'ning plain,
A present pain shall form thy wretched part,
And constant anguish rankle in thy heart.

For he lives not, whose friendly hand shall show
A blissful passage from these depths of woe.
Thus, blindly active for man's feeble cause,
A fearless rebel from celestial laws,
Thy gifted honors to an earthly race,
Form but the sentence of thine own disgrace.
A painful watchman on this joyless height,
Unsooth'd with rest by day, or sleep by night;
Thy mournful notes, and unavailing cry,
Shall rise unanswer'd, unregarded fly:
For conqu'ring Jove triumphant rules the day,
Deaf to mild pity's voice, and stern with recent sway.

STRENGTH.

'Tis settled: why, thro' vain compassion stay,
To 'unerring fate that follows in his way?
Sooner should hatred steel thy jealous mind,
'Gainst him who robb'd thy gift, to aid mankind.

VULCAN.

Kindred and friendship have a matchless power.

STRENGTH.

But to rebel in Jove's victorious hour,
How shall this mightier fear thy soul withstand?

VULCAN.

A constant fury arms thy vengeful hand.

STRENGTH.

What use were pity, 'gainst a fix'd decree?
When tears are shed, the captive is not free.

VULCAN.

Curs'd be the skilful cunning I profess,
Image of woe, and engine of distress.

STRENGTH.

Why blame your art? his own presumption fills
The deep-wrought measure of his present ills.

VULCAN.

Would that to other hands had fall'n the lot,
To act the horrors of this fatal spot.

STRENGTH.

Man's settled lot the ruling fates ordain,
But Jove alone has liberty to reign.

VULCAN.

To this plain truth no answer can I find.

STRENGTH.

Why then delay the circling chains to bind?
For long resistance to the heav'nly Sire,
Will wake the jealous god's indignant fire.

VULCAN.

Here, then, the brazen bonds in order lay,
Meet for thy hand, and ready at thy sway.

STRENGTH.

Fast round his pinion'd hands, with mighty shock,
Beat the strong links, and nail them to the rock.

VULCAN.

The work is finish'd; nor commenc'd in vain
This op'ning prelude to his future pain.

STRENGTH.

Again that blow — aim firm that steady arm —
His desp'rate cunning has a matchless charm.

VULCAN.

No human efforts can unbind this arm.

STRENGTH.

And this: his erring mind no more will try,
To dare the Imperial Ruler of the sky.

VULCAN.

With him alone deserved power remains,
To blame the present author of his pains.

STRENGTH.

Now, lock'd by its unyielding mortice, plant
Across his breast the bar of adamant.

VULCAN.

I sigh to think how firm my work will prove.

STRENGTH.

Still vainly chary of the fools of Jove?
Next for thyself may heave thy facile sighs.

VULCAN.

Does this sad sight please thine obdurate eyes?

STRENGTH.

What righteous justice for his guilt decides,
I see,- but find the fetters round his sides.

VULCAN.

I must- thy boastful orders are in vain.

STRENGTH.

But I will order,- aye in louder strain.
Get down- the gyves around his members cast.

VULCAN.

The indissoluble links are soon made fast.

STRENGTH.

Firm in those shackles let his feet be lock'd.
The overseer above will not be mock'd.

VULCAN.

Well with thy form thy tones morose agree.

STRENGTH.

O Woman-hearted! blame not thou in me,
A manlier roughness, and unbending heart.

VULCAN.

His chains are well secur'd- we may depart.

STRENGTH.

Trail now, thou thief of attributes which grace
The mighty Gods, for man's ephemeral race:
Which of thy fav'rites, in thy hour of need,
To burst these well-wrought fetters can succeed?
By name unmeet, the gods Prometheus know;-
Say, now, can all thy lore prophetic show,
Escape, or rescue, from involving woe?

PROMETHEUS.

O air divine! ye gales that round me sweep
On pinions swift! founts, whence broad rivers flow!
Vast, crisped surface of the smiling deep!
Thou! universal mother earth below!

All-seeing orb of the bright sun! on ye,
I call! the torments of a God who see,
Torments which Kindred Gods impose on me.
Behold what pangs upon me prey,
What moments sad, prolong'd I mark,
Till from my eye, with vigils dark,
A thousand years have roll'd away.
Such bonds unjust, the hand whose sway
New-won, the sceptre wields in heav'n,
Inventing tortures, thus hath giv'n,
My idle friendship to repay.
Woe for the present evil, Woe!
Woe for the evil yet to come!
What term of mis'ry shall I know?
What bound does changeless fate foredoom?
What do I ask? to this prophetic eye,
Prevail'd, the future's lucid visions lie:
No woe, with silent tread, can steal unseen.
Then, what from earliest time ordain'd hath been,
Let this proud heart endure, as it may best,
And yield to stern necessity's behest.
Yet my indignant soul its wrongs must speak,
Wrongs, which to tell, were human words too weak:
My love to man the chains I bear has wrought;
By gifts to him my galling yoke was bought:
Hid in the hollow'd cane, the precious store,
For him, from heav'n, the furtive fire I bore;
The friend of man, his dazzling race to save,
Pregnant with art, the brilliant flame I gave.
My daring crime, these penal suff'rings tell,
This air-hung rock, these fetters forg'd in hell.
What swelling sounds, what softer odors near,
Approach? no yet the forms distinct appear.
Come they from heav'n, from earth, or central air,
To this far clime, to see the woes I bear?
Or what their mission? here a God in chains,
Behold, the foe of him who newly reigns,
And, for that hate, by all the Gods abhor'd,
In his proud halls who bend before their Lord.

Man's desolate race I lov'd, and this is my reward!
Soft - soft - in air I hear a rustling sound,
As if swift pinions beat its fields around.
I like not aught, in such suspicious guise,
That comes mysterious, and deludes my eyes.

CHORUS.

Strop. α.

Fear not us; a harmless race,
To this wild and lonely place,
Fleet on rivale wings we sail,
Floating on the gentle gale.
Our stern sire permission gave:
Even in our deepest cave,
Pierc'd a moaning shape and rude;
From the modest solitude,
Unsandall'd thus, we sprang afar,
Mounting on our winged car.

PROMETHEUS.

Daughters of Tethys, ever prolific, - ye,
Of ancient ocean's countless progeny!
Ocean, whose sleepless billows know no rest,
Rolling o'er parent earth's expansive breast;
Regard me here; here, manacled I keep,
My watch on this bleak cliff's remotest steep.

CHORUS.

Antistrop. α.

Yes, I see thee, thro' the clouds
Whose tear-fraught veil my vision shrouds:
I see the adamantine chain,
All thy giant form restrain,
On the bald rock with'ring thrown;
Tenants new Olympus own:
Jove, the ~~the~~ alligator proud,
To ~~tenacious~~ canons new all heav'n hath bow'd;
Ancient rites have past away,
Dead, their memory, with their sway.

PROMETHEUS.

If, veil'd in earth from noon-day light,
His hands had fix'd the chain,
Or Tartarus, in shades of night,
Frown'd darkling on my pain;
Not then my form, high stretch'd in air,
This hapless doom would shew,
Nor men, nor gods, with ideot stare,
Enjoy my living woe.

CHORUS.

Strop. β.

Where lives the god, mid radiant spheres,
Deaf to compassion's lenient voice,
Who, blind with rage, unsooth'd by tears,
Could reckless of thy fate rejoice?
Jove only smiles: too proud to yield,
He speeds resistless thro' the skies,
While swiftly from th' unequal field,
Each tame celestial spirit flies.
Nor quench'd his rage, till vengeance glut his reign,
Or some more prosp'rous arm his conqu'ring power restrain.

PROMETHEUS.

Yet, tho' in this relentless chain,
Enslav'd my captive limbs remain;
The sire shall need my aid to say,
What darkness shrouds his future way,
Those deep designs conceal'd by fate,
To plunge him from his throne of state.
Not soft persuasion's honied song,
Shall soothe my heart, or tempt my tongue;
Nor threat'nings urge, with darker spell,
My lips the cherish'd truth to tell.
No; till the soft'ning conqu'ror's hands
Shall loose me from these iron bands,

And sorrow, in his heart of stone,
For these keen suff'rings shall atone;
No arm shall force, with stern control,
The deep-lock'd secret from my soul.

CHORUS.

Antistrop. B.

These vital pains, whose searching sting
With anguish thrills thy tort'ur'd breast,
No mild, relenting spirit bring,
Nor lull thy stubborn soul to rest.
For me, while o'er thy dubious fate,
Trembling I brood with pensive mind,
What limits thy dark ills await,
My fruitless labor cannot find.
Proud, in impervious realms, the Sire remains,
And, stern with iron heart, the Son of Saturn reigns.

PROMETHEUS.

Tho' Jove now justly rules severe,
His soft'ning heart will quail with fear,
When swift destruction's vengeful hour,
Shall gather round his kingly power.
Then his tame spirit will asswage,
The terrors of his boundless rage:
And proffer'd friendship's willing hand,
Unite us in a mutual band.

CHORUS.

Unfold at large, declare the secret cause,
Of these keen torments, and relentless laws:
Why, fraught with pain, each wretched moment flies,
And, bound in gloomy chains, thy form dishonor'd lies.

PROMETHEUS.

To speak the history of my latter life,
Renews my canker'd soul's embitter'd strife;
With equal power my silent mis'ry preys,
Heavy and deep, ~~unbreathed~~ unbreath'd anguish weighs.

when, first reveal'd, blaz'd out the wrath of Gods,
And raging factions shook their blest abodes;
(Some to expel the ancient Saturn strove,
And on his throne to plant th'aspiring Jove:
The rest the sceptre of the sun refus'd;)
Then I my best advised counsels us'd,
And hop'd that reason to my cause had won,
The Titans, sons of Ouranus and Kthon.
In vain; the daring boldness of their hearts,
Spurn'd, as disgraceful, all my subtler arts;
Proud, they confided in gigantic force,
And shunn'd a sure, but more protracted course.
But me my mother Themis oft had told,-
(Themis and Gaia, either is she call'd,-)
whose eye prophetic can the future scan;
That strength and courage aided not our plan,
But Fraud the sceptre of the Gods must gain.
These counsels wise in listless ears I pour'd,
And they disdainful heeded not a word.
I deem'd it best, in that disorder'd hour,
With Themis league'd, to lend an mutual power,
To assert the cause of Jove; he wo'd our aid;
By my advice, to Tartarus convey'd,
Its black, unfathom'd depths forever hide,
Saturn, and all who dar'd espouse his side.
Such debts the king of Gods Prometheus owes,
And these base bonds his gratitude disclose.
Such taint still waits on power unsceptr'd grown,
It fears the friends who toil'd to raise its throne.
You ask, for what foul fault his vengeance fell,
So fierce, on me devoted; I will tell.
When'd in his father's state, Imperial Jove,
Sooth'd, by his lavish'd doles, the powers above;
Parted his boundless empire; while his ban
Relentless fell on miserable man;
To utter ruin, and oblivion giv'n,
His race, for such the purpose stern in heav'n,
The earth new tenants was ordain'd to see,
While I alone oppos'd the dark decree.
I dar'd from mortals to avert their doom,
I sav'd their mem'ry from the yawning tomb:

Bow'd in these fetters, for th' adventure bold,
To suff'rings hard to bear, and to behold,
Tho' mercy only was the crime that sped,
The penal weight of vengeance on my head;
Here, unforgiven and enthrall'd I stand,
To tell what justice deals the conq'ror's hand.

CHORUS.

What heart of adamant, by love forgot,
And steel'd 'gainst pity, weeps not for thy lot?
Here my keen wishes never wing'd their flight;
Grief thrills my bosom at the tat'ring sight.

PROMETHEUS.

I truly am a wretched sight to friends.

CHORUS.

Is this the limit where thy guilt extends?

PROMETHEUS.

From mortals I remov'd the power to see,
Tho' darkling time their fatal destiny.

CHORUS.

What antidote did thy invention find?

PROMETHEUS.

Vain hopes I seated in their erring mind.

CHORUS.

Truly a useful present to mankind!

PROMETHEUS.

'Twas mine with fire th' ephem'ral race to bless.

CHORUS.

And now does man the quick'ning flame possess?

PROMETHEUS.

Yes: and unnumber'd blessings shall derive:
Labor shall soften, and invention thrive.

CHORUS.

For this does Jove thy anguish'd frame torment?
Nor does his fury by thy pains relent?

Is there no term of misery propos'd?

PROMETHEUS.

None: till the Sire to pity be dispos'd.

CHORUS.

And when will pity move the heav'nly King?
Your daring sins these present suff'rings bring.
But now these keen reproaches are in vain:
To blame delights not me, and gives you pain.
Cease we these fruitless labors to bestow,
And seek deliv'rance from the weight of woe.

PROMETHEUS.

Light is the task for fortune's easy child,
To lead the wretch from sorrow's lonely wild.
But I knew this; my sins I must confess:
My aid to man has plung'd me in distress.
Who could have thought, that for my noble crimes,
My deeds of charity in happier times,
Avenging Jove would fix my prostrate form,
To this bleak rock, unsheltered from the storm?
Yet cease to mourn the present; but descend,
On this firm ground: be silent, and attend,
While thro' each sep'rate portion I relate,
Th'unerring story of my future fate.
Share my distress: Oh, grant me this relief,
For sorrow loves communicants in grief.

CHORUS.

Useless thy words; opposing air,
Delays thy ceaseless clamors there.
But now on fleet descending light,
my form forsakes the distant height;
From paths where feath'ry songsters stray,
To rock-crown'd earth I bend my way.
To me the willing part belongs,
To hear the history of thy wrongs.

OCEAN.

Borne on this steed, in winged flight I stray,
And for your scenes forsake my native way:

Thy wretched fortunes claim my sorrowing part,
And bind thee closely to my anguish'd heart.
Kindred impels me; but, that tie unknown,
To none more worthy praise, than you alone.
'Tis guileless Truth; for never to my tongue,
The syren tones of flatt'ry shall belong.
I impart thy wish; thy orders to fulfil,
Here wait my hands, obedient to thy will.
Than Ocean's self, on earth thou shalt not find,
A friend of deeper love, or firmer mind.

PROMETHEUS.

Alas! why rising from the boundless main,
Com'st thou the sad spectator of my pain?
What boldness urg'd thee from thy native waves,
Thy self-built grotto, and thy rock-roof'd caves?
To soothe my woes by pity's dulcet sound,
Course thy swift footsteps o'er the ion'd ground?
Behold the ruling King's assistant friend,
Beneath his hand in raging torments bend:
Consign'd to lonely sorrow's darkest hour,
Here mourns the lofty mind, that rais'd him to his power.

OCEAN.

I see, Prometheus, and desire to shun,
Some wiser measures in this night of woe.
With all the cunning that belongs to man,
Thou hast not learnt one art, thyself to scan.
From ancient rules, to later maxims rise,
Since a new monarch lords it thro' the skies.
If from this rock, thy keenly bitter tones,
Should rise to mighty Jove's imperial thrones;
Haply the present ills that cloud thy day,
Might seem but idle spat, and infant play.
Cease, luckless wretch, the rage that fires thy breast,
And seek from mournful fate some calmer rest.
Perhaps as quaint these simple rules appear,
That willing friendship whispers in thine ear.
But view, in that proud tongue's impetuous strain,
The cause of all thy grief, and all thy pains.

And thy stern spirit raves not still the less,
Unsoothed by woe, unyielding to distress.
Why sink in thicker gloom thy present state,
By the dark prospect of impending Fate?
Yet not by me advised, thy stubborn soul,
In vain rebellion shall resist control;
Since Jove unyielding sways in sceptred might,
Tough in his power, and jealous of his right.
Now to thy aid I call my deepest skill,
To free thy spirit from this weight of ill.
And while with heav'n I plead thy dubious cause,
Waste not his vengeance, nor insult his laws:
Has not thy wisdom taught thee yet the wrong,
Which mortals suffer from a foolish tongue?

PROMETHEUS.

Happy thy lot; from all accusers free,
Tho' leagued in guilt, and insolent with me.
But leave thy task; the fruitless work forbear:
Thou can'st not move the tyrant by thy prayer.
Cease, and beware lest injury succeed,
Thy constant labors, and thy useless speed.

OCEAN.

Wise to all others; to thyself unkind:
In me, a nobler lesson thou shalt find.
Thou canst not hold me: to the power above,
My steps with eager confidence shall move.
Assured I speak, that Jove will hear my cry,
And grant his blessing by a swift reply.

PROMETHEUS.

My heart must honor, and my tongue commend
The brave instructor, and the constant friend.
But cease thy strife: account thy labors vain:
Not all thy toil can loose me from my pain.
Tho' crushed myself, I never wish to see,
Others endure the griefs that torture me.

OCEAN.

Well am I warned by what before oppressed
My kinsman Atlas; in the distant west,
Task'd o'er his strength, his toil for countless years
The pillared base of heav'n and earth upreares.

Him too, fierce child of earth, with pitying eye,
I mark'd, the monstrous warrior prodigy,
Typhon; in wild Cicicia was his cave,
His were the hundred heads, & strength that none could
brave.

He came, his horrid jaws dilated stood,
As when the insatiate lion roars for blood;
Stream'd in his livid glance the lightnings dire,
As if to wrap the Thund'rer's realms in fire;
But, o'er his path, the sleepless bolt was driv'n,
Breathing bright flames; down flash'd the angry levin;
Spoil'd his high-vaunting boasts with flayless course,
Falsied the terrors of his giant force;-
Struck to the soul, in impotent dismay,
At once the thunder-blasted monster lay:
Extended now, his trunk uncouth is spread,
Near deep-voic'd ocean's never-fathom'd bed,
Beneath the roots of Aetna - o'er his head,
High in the mountain steeps, does Vulcan urge
His sounding anvil, and his glowing forge;
Thence roaring tides of fire, consuming gush,
O'er rich Sicilia's fertile plains they rush;
Prey on the laughing verdure of the fields,
And all the various fruits her bosom yields.
Thus by the glowing bolts was Typhon's form,
Struck in the fury of that ruthless storm:
And doom'd th'almighty vengeance stern to prove
Scorch'd to a coal he shrunk, beneath the arm of Jove!'

PROMETHEUS.

You need not me; yourself direct your way,
And fly from future dangers as you may.
Here I'll endure, and scorn the raging god,
Till Jove shall cease from wrath, & spare the rod.

OCEAN.

Knows not Prometheus this - when anger blinds,
Words are physicians to distemper'd minds?

PROMETHEUS.

Yes: if in time the med'cine be applied,
Nor late entreaties rouse his swelling pride.

OCEAN.

What evil, think you, shall my boldness gain,
Mingled with prudence? teach me, & explain.

PROMETHEUS.

Light-minded folly, and superfluous pain.

OCEAN.

In wisdom to seem foolish, may embrace
Much profit.

PROMETHEUS.

This would seem to be my case.

OCEAN.

Homeward this sends me with returning pace.

PROMETHEUS.

Let not my griefs on you provoke his rage.

OCEAN.

Jove, who now sits enthron'd, hear his enquiring sage?

PROMETHEUS.

The same: beware lest boldness fire his wrath.

OCEAN.

Enough you wretched fate to guide my path.

PROMETHEUS.

Go; and prevent the purpose of thy heart.

OCEAN.

These clam'rous words but urge me to depart.
My winged steed impetuous looks afar,
And cleaves, with restless wings, the liquid air.
Longs to return, and, mad with pleasure, calls,
To rest delighted in his native stalls.

CHORUS.

Stroph. α.

Thy fortunes thus hopeless,
I mourn for thy woes,
And the warm flood of sorrow,
Its fountains o'erflows.
New laws the All-pow'rful
Has rear'd on his state,

A terrific example
He gives in thy fate.

That the blow of his pride may thro' heaven resound,
And the gods, in submission, may tremble around.

Antistroph. α.

These regions reecho
With wails for thy fall,
On Kings ancient and sacred
Departed, they call.
The pastures of Asia
Lamenting shall see,
In glory descending,
Thy kindred and thee:

And the dirge of mankind for thy wrongs shall ascend,
Wide Earth's sob convulsive shall mourn for her friend.

Stroph. β.

The virgin warriors, fair and bold,
Untam'd in fight, who Colchis hold;
And Scythia's brave and vagrant bands,
Who rove o'er earth's remotest lands,
Around the broad Maeotian lake;

Antistroph. β.

And all Arabia's martial flower,
And hosts in spear-embattled power,
Who rush in thunder to the fight,
Near Caucasus' tower-crested height,
For thee their dirge indignant wake.

Epode.

One other of the gods alone,
Ere thee, thus fetter'd have I known;
Corroding time's all potent sway,
Upon his bonds can never prey:
Titanian Atlas — whom 'tis giv'n,
To bear th' incumbent weight of heav'n,

Far, far beneath the mighty pole,
Where murm'ring ocean's waters roll.
The wave from central caverns flows,
In deep accordance with his woes;
Hell's gloomy depths beneath him roar;
The welling fountains, as they pour
Clear-flowing streams, unite around
Their melancholy dirge profound.

PROMETHEUS.

Deem not my soul o'erwhelm'd with anguish lies,
And bars, morose, my speech — yet thoughts will rise,
Madd'ning to see the felon chains I bear.
Who made these proud usurpers what they are?
Of that no more — ye well the story know:
But hear what mortals to Prometheus owe.
Children in mind I found; th'essential ray
I lit, and bade progressive reason play.
(I speak not, for that man ungrateful prov'd,
I only show how well his race I lov'd.)
Vain, on the darkness of his mental gloom,
Did nature's various forms & voices come;
But, like the visions of a shadowy dream,
Upon their sense obtuse, did objects gleam:
They dwelt not then in firm-compacted domes,
By art dædalean rear'd; their sunless homes
Like eyeless moles they scoop'd, in caves remote;
From nature's varying signs they took no note
When hoary winter's sounding blasts were near,
Or buds presag'd that spring should soon appear,
Or fruitful summer was advancing; then
No sway had reason o'er the acts of men;
I taught them first to scan the order meet,
When the bright stars arose, & when they set:
Shew'd them the wond'rous powers in numbers found,
The artful symbols gave of various sound,
Blest mem'ry too, (all else were giv'n in vain,)
Prolific handmaid of the Muses' train.

I yok'd the obedient steer to break the soil;
The patient substitute of human toil,
The champing steed, I harness'd to the car,
To swell the pride of wealth, & pomp of war.
The ocean-chariot none had fram'd e'er me,
Or launch'd it, linen-wing'd, upon the sea.
Thus thro' invention's op'ning realms I ran,
Ah! to myself unjust! to profit man.
Here, of my vaunted skill's vain arts bereft,
To loose my fetters no device is left!

CHORUS.

Unjust your lot: in random folly blind,
You feel the mis'ries of an erring mind.
And, like a bad physician, in despair
When his own maladies demand his care,
You yield resistless to distemper's force,
Sunk in despondence, & without resource.

PROMETHEUS.

More will you wonder, when my lips disclose
What wily arts from my invention rose.
The greatest this; when fierce diseases fell,
Men found no aid their fury to expel,
But, tedious victims, pin'd by slow degrees,
In helpless pangs, and comfortless disease:
I kindly pitied, stopp'd the infectious reign,
And mixed the genial antidote to pain.
'Twas mine the prophet's treasures to present,
And teach from doubtful dreams the dark event.
Each ductious augury my wisdom told,
Each daily sign my cunning could unfold:
When birds in winged coveys skimm'd the air,
My ready foresight scann'd their nature there;
Which were propitious, which disastrous knew;
And what their modes of life — which friendly grew,
In love united, which in mutual hate.
From entrails I discern'd the hand of fate;
Explain'd their smoothness, & what color'd bile

Drew from the placid Gods a fav'ring smile:
From various livers gather'd omens spoke,
And limbs o'ershadow'd in involving smoke.
By the long loins, to scorching flames a prey,
To naval art I led the secret way;
Made flaming signs to obvious vision sure,
Light from the darkness, certain from obscure.
Such were my works: what hand but this disclos'd
Those useful treasures which in earth repos'd,
Unseen till then, brass, iron, silver, gold?
None; 'twas my part their beauties to unfold.
In brief, to end the tale, this lesson know,
All mans devices from Prometheus flow.

CHORUS.

Cease your regards for mortals, and inquire
Aid for yourself: bright hopes my heart inspire,
That swift deliv'rance waits these penal chains,
And equal still your power to mighty Jove remains.

PROMETHEUS.

Not thus does fruitful fate prescribe my doom;
Sunk in afflictions melancholy gloom,
I cannot burst these fetters, and be free:
Art is far weaker than necessity.

CHORUS.

What higher power necessity awaits?

PROMETHEUS.

The mindful Furies, and the triple Fates.

CHORUS.

To these imperial Jove must yield his pride.

PROMETHEUS.

His certain doom the monarch must abide.

CHORUS.

What doom awaits him, but an endless throne?

PROMETHEUS.

This secret cease to ask; 'tis mine alone.

CHORUS.

'Tis some important truth which you conceal.

PROMETHEVS.

Forbear — not now the season to reveal —
Lock'd in this breast the secret must remain:
Silence is all my remedy from pain.

CHORVS.

Stroph. α.

O ne'er may Jove, the Lord of all,
Above my feeble counsels roll
His thunder, ne'er his fury fall
Upon this weak, presumptuous soul!
Approaching at the sacred feast,
On the high Gods still let me call,
The votive victim still be drest,
In Father Ocean's mossy hall.
Ne'er may these lips, with speech profane,
Hurt against Heav'n the impious thought,
But seal'd in rev'rence due remain,
By this thy dread example taught!

Antistroph. α.

'Tis massive hope whose constant art
The length'ning shades of life must cheer;
Joy's lucid train, around the heart,
Are, at her bidding, ever near.
But freezing horror chills me when
I mark corroding mis'ry prey,
[Upon thy soul, and in thy brain,
While hope vouchsafes no living ray.]*
Puissant Jove's unalt'ring mind,
No fears of mortal vengeance sway:
Like thee, Prometheus, men will find,
'Tis theirs his mandate to obey.

Stroph. β.

Declare, my friend, what strength, what grace,
What help, in man's ephem'ral race?

* Fragment in the original.

His dim perceptions, light as gleams,
That dart in midnight's shadowy dreams,
In chains the fetter'd spirit bind,
And limit the contracted mind.
Ne'er shall the plans that earth employ,
The harmony of Jove destroy.

Antistroph. 6.

This certain truth, your ling'ring woes
In dread reality disclose.
For diff'rent erst that nuptial strain
Flew thro' the central caves of main,
Which warbled round your bridal bed,
When young Hesione you led,
Subdued by love's impetuous heats,
In transport to your native seats.

10.

Ah! hapless me! what race? what land?
What wretch, here fetter'd on the strand,
Lies thir'ning in the vengeful storm?
What penal suff'rings rend his form?
oh! tell me, on what distant way
My lonely steps unconscious stray?
See! earth-descended Argus flies,
Terrific with his hundred eyes!
Away that sting, whose burning flame
Undying racks my tortur'd frame!
No period stays his subtle wiles,
And craft sits crouching in his smiles.
No death that monstrous form shall cover;
Still near, his ling'ring footsteps hover,
Hunt me from Pluto's gloomy strands,
And fly thro' ocean's parching sands:
While deer in lulling notes around,
The pipe's afflusive measures sound.
Whither? ah whither shall I bend?
Where shall these weary wand'rings end?
For what, Saturnian Jove, enclose
My spirit in these ceaseless woes?

why, with that goad's relentless pain,
Thus drive me madding thro' the plain?
Consume my wretched form with fire!
Let earth engulph me in thine ire!
Or cast me from some frowning steep,
To raw'ning monsters of the deep!
Refuse not, from thy realms in air,
The trembling suppliant's humble prayer!
Wearied with life, I long for peace
yet know not when its woes shall cease.

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou the wailings of the horned maid?

PROMETHEUS.

How should I not? Hire have thy footsteps stray'd,
Daughter of Inachus? her bosom glows
With love to Jove — and hence are all her woes.
By Juno hated, driv'n by heav'nly force,
She tracks, thro' changing climes, her tedious course.

IO.

Whence know'st thou my paternal name?
How could thy ready tongue proclaim,
That heav'nly scourge, whose torment preys,
Thro' endless nights, & ceaseless days?
Hither, by parching famine worn,
I speed, thro' countless deserts borne.
Where, tost'd on sorrow's raging sea,
Can pity find a wretch like me?
But oh! if mis'ry's voice can move,
Thy bosom to a virgin's love;
Disclose what yet uncertain lays,
Veil'd in the future's darkling maze:
What doubtful tortures yet remain?
What hope, what remedy from pain?

PROMETHEUS.

Each hidden truth thy heart desires to know,
In simple language to thine ears shall flow:

No complex riddles here thy soul shall mock,
where friendship bids me all my mind unlock:
Giver of fire to man, Prometheus know.

IO.

Oh common patron of the heirs of woe!
Whence were thy suff'rings, bold Prometheus, sent?

PROMETHEUS.

But lately have I told my sad complaint.

IO.

One favor wilt thou grant me?

PROMETHEUS.

Speak thy will:
The wish to serve thee, maid, is left me still.

IO.

Tell me whose power thy fetter'd form constrains.

PROMETHEUS.

Jove gave the mandate; Vulcan forg'd the chains.

IO.

For what offences?

PROMETHEUS.

Seek not to explore
My story farther; I will tell no more.

IO.

Yet farther tell me wretched, what far clime
Shall bound my weary wand'rings, & what time?

PROMETHEUS.

Better thy ignorance, than thy knowledge here.

IO.

Hide not my future mis'ry, gracious seer!

PROMETHEUS.

I veil not with the prophet's jealous eye
The secret.

IO.

Why not then a full reply?

PROMETHEUS,

I would not now forestall the ill that waits.

IO.

Oh spare the pity which the victim hates.

PROMETHEUS.

Against my will, entreaties urge me, hear—

CHORUS.

Stay—in thy promis'd favors let me share.
First let us learn the various ills that rise,
Sick'ning her soul, and prompting heart-drawn sighs.
To shew her future fortunes be thy task.

PROMETHEUS.

Go, 'tis thine to grant them what they ask.
Thy father's relatives, they seek to hear
The tale whose woes demand the secret tear.
And oh! 'tis sweet to number ev'ry grief,
That finds in sympathy a blest relief;
To vent uncheck'd the deep [illegible] sigh,
When the tear trembles in the heaven's eye.

IO.

Your faith I doubt not; open truth shall show,
In sadd'ning strains the causes of my woe.
From heavenly powers descends th'avenging storm,
Blights faded beauty's flower, & withers all my form.
Each shadowy night, encircling visions flew,
Soft round my couch, & floated in my view,
And, gently soothing, Inachus's child, they said,
Why keep, thro' circling years, thy virgin bed?
To nobler scenes with rising hopes aspire:
Imperial Jove, inflam'd with soft desire,
Would shame proud Venus with thine envied charms,
And clasp a rival Goddess in his arms.
Nor thou, dear maid, the regal couch despise,
Pine in deserted shades, & miss the prize.
To Lerna's stream, with hasting pleasure fly,
Where, clad in green, the monarch's pastures lie:

There, great with fav'ring smiles impatient Jove,
And gently soothe him with an answ'ring love.
These dubious dreams on midnight slumbers stole,
And bound, in painful spells, the wav'ring soul;
No rest return'd, till, wearied with delay,
The secret truth I ventur'd once to say,
To Inachus: my sire, to learn the event,
To Pythia's shrines successive prophets sent;
Enquir'd what arts the ruling gods would please,
What actions honor, & what words appease.
They came with various oracles — none sure —
All darkling, hopeless, difficult, obscure.
At length, a mandate to my father came,
(The source of all my griefs, & all my shame,)
To drive me exil'd from my natal grounds,
O'er earth's extremest shores, & distant bounds:
Such was the oracle; while bolts of fire
Hung o'er the first refusal of my sire,
Whose flames his name & kingdom should efface,
And sweep from earth each vestige of his race.
With sorrowing heart, & lost in useless grief,
He bow'd reluctant to the Lycian chief.
I went — new forms disguis'd my alter'd frame —
My mind was chang'd — this horned figure came —
Pierc'd by a burning goad, enrag'd I stood,
By Cenchrea's pleasant stream, & Lerna's flood:
There, round my paths, the earth-born Argus flew,
And countless eyes star'd dazzling in my view;
His hated life by sudden fate expir'd:
And I, by labors spent, by wand'rings tir'd,
Here fly, driv'n madd'ning by a heav'nly hand,
O'er ev'ry distant shore, & ev'ry changing land.
Such is the past; if aught of future woes
Your mind prophetic sees, the truth disclose;
Soothe not by soft complexion's honied sound
While unseen toils lurk in ambush round:
Oh noble heart, the coming scenes relate,
Nor, vainly pitying, blind me to my fate.

CHORUS.

Ah! woe is me! The cheerless doom
Example yields of wrath divine!
Ne'er may the mournful coast be mine,
That to my ear strange voices come;
And, with them, expiating pangs,
From which men turn in shrinking sadness,—
And which to bear is worse than madness,—
The constant goad's two-edged fangs,
Whose every stab cold fear awaits.
What chilling horror, soothless fates!
Creeps in my veins, when I behold
Her present grief, & muse on all her sorrows told.

PROMETHEUS.

Condolement's voice, & fear's wild starts restrains,
Till I unfold what wand'rings yet remain.

CHORUS.

Declare — affliction loves, like sickness, still
To know the coming scenes of future ill.

PROMETHEUS.

Your first request, I mean, at length to know
From her own lips the story of her woe,
Was granted graciously; she yet desires
A boon which gifted art like mine requires.
List to the suff'rings which the maid must bear;
Inexorable Juno naught will spare.
And thou, my counsels weigh within thy soul,
Daughter of Inachus; and learn the goal
Of all thy journeyings. Toward the rising sun,
First turn'd, o'er lands thy course must be begun,
Where never yet'ning plough hath pierc'd its way;
Near wilt thou roam, where Scythian shepherds stray.
On rapid wheels their wicker mansions light
They frame; well-skill'd the snow's traceless flight
To urge: approach not them; thy destin'd course
Bends to the shore where ocean murmuring hoarse
Beats o'er its crags, with thund'ring, ceaseless surge;
Here on thy left the uncouth Chalybs urge
Their glowing furnaces; their nation fly;
They gaze on strangers with no friendly eye.

A haughty Stream, which not its name belies,
Next bars thy course; no fond its wave supplies;
Till even to Caucasus thy pathway sweeps,
Loftiest of mountains, from whose topmost steeps
Th' impetuous river flashes from its source;
Where mid the stars sublime the summit mounts,
Thy passage lies; the mid descent explore,
To where, pitch'd southward from the Euxine shore,
To man averse, the Amazonian bands
Hold themyscira, round Thermodon's sands;
Gorge of the ocean, and the seaman's dread,
Kind host of gallant barks, adjacent spread
Fierce Salmydessia's jaws; the virgin host
Shall kind conduct thee on th' inclement coast,
Where the broad lake's contracted gates admit
The narrow'd channel; next, with pauseless feet,
Cimmeria's isthmus must thou tread; then bold
O'er the Maotian ford thy progress hold.
To latest ages shall th' undying fame
Survive of this thy passage, and thy name;
And Bosphorus the streight be call'd. The plain
Of Europe left, wide Asia's realms remain.
And deem'st thou then the Gods' relentless King
Forever cruel? Know such wand'rings spring
By certain consequence, when Gods forsake
Celestial brides, an earthly spouse to take.
For thy proud husband, Lady, must thou prove
The bitt'rest forfeits of clandestine love:
No fabling tales delusive I relate,
But the fix'd orders of unalt'ring fate. (Io groans.)
Sobs choak thy voice; deep groans convulse thy breast;
How wilt thou bear, while I disclose the rest?

CHORUS.

What more of mis'ry can thine accents shew?

PROMETHEUS.

A stormy sea of overwhelming woe.

IO.

What boots it more to live? why not e'en now

From this bald cliff to yon far plain below,
Down, down the dizzy steep, impetuous hurl'd,
Leave all my sorrows with a cheerless world?
Better at once to end both hopes and fears,
Than prove each changeful ill thro' ling'ring years.

PROMETHEUS.

Tell could'st thou grapple with my destin'd doom,
To burst whose shackles death may never come.
Death were my ransom from these torturing chains:
But boundless now my hopeless term remains,
Till o'er his empire Jove no longer reigns.

IO.

Shall then the Thund'rer his dominion lose?

PROMETHEUS.

His fall, I deem, would soothe Thee in Thy woes.

IO.

How should it not? my wrongs are from his power.

PROMETHEUS.

Believe my Truth, and hope th' avenging hour.

IO.

Whose hand shall spoil the sceptre from the king?

PROMETHEUS.

His own vain counsels shall his downfall bring.

IO.

Tell how, unless thy patience I may vex.

PROMETHEUS.

A baleful wedlock shall his soul perplex.

IO.

Divine, or human?—if Thou may'st unfold.

PROMETHEUS.

Why ask, with whom? more is not to be told.

IO.

Shall then his spouse his heav'nly throne o'erturn?

PROMETHEUS.

A son more potent than his sire is born.

IO.

Has he no mode t' escape th' impending stroke?

PROMETHEUS.

None — none — ere I, these chains in sunder broke —

IO.

Who, then, despite of Jove, thy form shall free?

PROMETHEUS.

From thy descendants must my savior be.

IO.

How? comes thy freedom from a child of mine?

PROMETHEUS.

The tenth, then third descendant of thy line.

IO.

Yet do thine oracles enigmas speak.

PROMETHEUS.

No more to learn thy future wand'rings seek.

IO.

Oh proffer not thy knowledge thus in vain.

PROMETHEUS.

Take then thy choice — two things untold remain.

IO.

What? tell, & grant me free election.

PROMETHEUS.

yes.

Either what more 'tis thine sad fate distrefs
To hear, my prophet lips shall clearly speak;
Or name the champion who my bonds shall break.

CHORUS.

Of these, one fain grant th'enquiring maid;
And us the other — thro' each varying shade,
Tell to all her future fate — then show
To us the unknown hand that finishes your woe.

PROMETHEUS.

These earnest wishes force me to reply —
'Tis vain a full disclosure to deny.
Io! your various paths I first shall tell,
Which deep in mem'ry fix, and mark them well.
Soon as your footsteps cross the rolling stream,
That shows the length'ning continents extreme,

Far from the waves you tread your sultry way,
Thro' regions parching in the solar ray,
Till, mid Cysthene's horrid plains, you see
The sea-god Phorcys' ancient daughters three,
White as the swan; one eye they all possess,
And but one tooth; whom light can never bless;
Unseen by them, the sun guides unwilling by,
And moons revolving unregarded fly.
Near these, their sisters three, the Gorgons dwell,
Winged, and snake-hair'd — whom their deadly spell —
I speak to warn you — none of mortal race
Shall look with life upon the monstrous face.
Hear of another dreadful sight — beware
Of Jove's hound, raw'ning dogs — these be thy care,
They, and the one-eyed Arimaspian band,
Who dwell around thimy Pluton's golden strand.
Approach them not — but distant regions trace,
Till time shall bring thee to a sable race,
Round Aethiops' native stream; these nations burn,
Near the bright sources of the scorching sun.
Along those banks in watchful silence creep,
Till forth you stand upon the craggy steep,
Where Nile's swift torrent, from Bibly-aid hills,
With grateful verdure paints his sacred rills.
Along his devious course, and winding strand,
Pursue your journey to Neilotis' land;
Where, doom'd in exil'd wretchedness to roam,
Fate to your line prescribes a stranger home.
If aught too difficult these truths present,
Enquire, redouble search, and learn th' event.
Fear not intrusion — nor from words refrain:
While hours of leisure them I wish remain.

CHORUS.

If aught of future woes untold remains,
Oh tell me wand'ring course, and various pains!
If not, on us the promis'd boon bestow,
And grant the secret which we long to know.

PROMETHEUS.

The tale is done: and think not that I tell
Unmeaning fictions; but consider well

My words, the signs of truth, while I relate
The mournful story of her former fate.
Thro' trivial scenes I pass without delay,
To the last limit of your dreary way.
Soon as arriv'd at fam'd Molossia's plains,
Where high Dodona rears her pitch'ring planes,
And suppliant guilt The spotian Jove invokes;
Where lives that prodigy, the speaking oaks,
And signs prophetic, with the hallow'd shade,
As Jove's proud consort veil'd the wond'ring maid;
(If this delights thee;) thence in anguish driv'n,
Stung with the ceaseless goad, pursu'd by heav'n,
You came, with tedious step, thro' burning sands,
Where swelling Nile spreads her mighty strands:
Hence, lash'd by black misfortune's weary force,
Here, to this rocky steep, you lent your weary corse.
Some future age, thy fortunes to discuss,
And swell the tragic record of thy woes,
From Io's name shall call the well-known sea,
And ev'ry wave that foams, shall tell of thee.
So scans this mind the pages of former days,
And clears the misty future's darkling maze.
Of all that yet remains, in years to come,
(To each and all I speak) this forms the sum:
For on the spacious earth's remotest shores,
Where hoary Nile the Libyan fields explores,
Canobus lies; renew'd with human grace,
There Jove shall woo thee with a soft embrace;
The nuptial fruits in Epaphus shall spring,
An infant promise of a future king,
Whose ample reign o'er ev'ry shore shall spread,
Where Nile's broad river sweeps his mighty bed.
In line direct from him, the fifth descent,
Shall fifty maids, self-exil'd, with intent
To them their cousins' Kindred bridal, bring
To Argos the descendants of its King.
Close on the flying doves the hawks pursue,
Fierce in the chase, and to the odor true;

To each forbidden, each demands a wife,
And each to fate shall yield his forfeit life.
Here shall Pelasgia welcome to the shade,
Where impious Nisus bares the midnight blade;
Ordain'd fierce deaths relentless stroke to feel:
Lo! ev'ry wife shall grasp the insidious steel,
Rise on her husband's unsuspecting rest,
And plant the two-edg'd weapon in his breast.
Oh that such love my hated foes might sway,
And urge their course, where Danger keeps the way!
With one sole spouse shall love relenting plead,
And joys yet warm prevent th'unholy deed.
Her purpose blunted, she prefers the shame
Of too much mercy, to the Murd'ress' name.
A kingly race from her in Argos grows;
And the long tale shall with their triumphs close:
For, from their loins, my living pangs to end,
Behold, a dauntless archer shall descend.
So, still'd the future's misty scenes to trace,
Spoke ancient Themis, of the Titan race.
With many words, my tale at length is done-
But little profits thee thy knowledge won.'

IO.

Ah me! how this distracted frame,
How madness spreads the scorching flame!
yet stings that goad, and torturing still,
These sorrowing fears my bosom fill!
Swift in mine eyes, heav'n, sea, and ground,
Turn in one rolling chaos round:
I stagger — and control in vain
My burning tongue's impassion'd strain;
Each troubled word my lips express
Conveys fresh keenness to distress;
And casts me, plung'd from reason's state,
Deep in the billows of disastrous fate.

CHORUS.

Prais'd be the soul that first design'd,
The tongue that spoke this rule for man;
That wedlock, fram'd on nature's plan,
To equal unions is confin'd.
Let not the pauper'd slave, consign'd
On earth to toil mid humbler care,
To wealth, and birth, in madness dare,
To lift her vain, aspiring mind.

Ne'er to the glitt'ring couch of Jove,
May I, with regal triumphs led,
Enjoy, in such celestial bed,
The glory of his envied love.
For thrilling pains my bosom move,
By kindred sympathy distrest,
To see the hapless maid, oppress
By Juno's vengeance from above,

O'er earth in restless wand'rings stray.
Not me such knowing pains consume;
But bright'ning hope my path illume,
In equal Hymen's social way.
Ne'er, from the realms of heav'nly day,
May Love's expressive glances dart,
By force enchain this captive heart,
And bind the struggling soul, devoted to their sway!

PROMETHEUS.

Bold, in imperial power, tho' Jove retains
His ruling councils, and his rod sustains;
Soon as he weds, by Fate's unerring call,
His crumbling throne shall totter to its fall:
Then shall that curse, by injur'd Saturn giv'n,
When plung'd dishonor'd from the realms of heav'n,
Light on an impious son, his name efface,
And blast the budding glories of his race.

From ill like these, no god, but me can show,
A swift escape, or remedy from woe.
Then let the conq'ring arm of heaven prepare
His kingly bolt with echoing fires to arm;
Wield the fire-tempering dart, and, rous'd with rage,
Impetuous pour with thund'ring mortal wage.
But vain these threats the coming stroke to stay,
Forward, with mighty hand, he wills away.
Such is the hostile arm his power must prove,
A warrior prodigy, too strong for Jove;
Whose vengeful flame o'er lightnings self shall blaze;
Sounds, deeper far than thunder, waft his praise;
And Neptune's rod, which suppliant realms obey,
Shall sink resistless to his conq'ring sway.
Unus'd to yield, in that relentless hour,
The god, thrown headlong from his throne of power,
Shall learn th'extremes of pleasure & of pain;
The monarchs tawdry pride—the slave's detested chain.

CHORUS.

Your wish and luckless omens are the same.

PROMETHEUS.

They are—and soon shall time their truth explain.

CHORUS.

Shall then some conq'ring arm o'er Jove prevail?

PROMETHEUS.

Still heavier toils the monarch shall assail.

CHORUS.

Dost thou not tremble at this threat'ning strain?

PROMETHEUS.

Should coward fears immortal tongues restrain?

CHORUS.

More mis'ries still his heav'nly arm may bring.

PROMETHEUS.

Then let them come—I wait for ev'ry thing.

CHORUS.

Wise, who inevitable vengeance fear.

PROMETHEUS.

Go: worship — bow — and beg him with a tear.
But not to me such suppliant fix yours shall rise,
Who less than nothing all his vengeance prize.
High let his arm, with short-liv'd terror bold,
Two subject heav'n its brief dominion hold:
But soon e'en Jove himself the crown shall yield,
And other hands his recent sceptre wield.
But lo! with novel tidings fraught, appears
The monarch's messenger from yonder spheres.

MERCURY.

Thee, hard in cunning; mad with reckless rage;
Foe to the gods; arch-rebel of thine age;
Thee, for thy gift of fire, to vengeance giv'n;
And thief of honors from the realms of heav'n;
To thee I speak: my Father bids thee say,
What unknown marriage, on his boundless sway,
Some future age, shall cast its shades of night,
And plunge him darkling from the thrones of light.
Let these dark truths in lucid words be told,
Nor, wont in dubious signs, thy tale unfold.
As wont such, thy former fate may shew;
They scorn not Jove, nor remedy thy woe.

PROMETHEUS.

Thy lofty utterance, and thy noble tongue,
Well suit the servants of Immortals. Strong,
And rais'd on recent thrones, ye deem your towers
Impregnable; tho' time rolls on the hours,
When gods and men shall see your ruin'd state,
And new-made monarchs triumph in your fate.
Yes: I have seen two Kings dishonor'd driv'n,
Down from those glitt'ring realms, & shut from heav'n:
And soon the present ruler, basely thrown,
Shall pay to Destiny his forfeit throne.
Fails my stout heart for this vaunting race?
No, never: haste thee with retiring pace,
The way thou cam'st: no answer shalt thou gain;
Commission'd slave of heav'n! thy questions are in vain.

MERCURY.

From such distempered boldness first arose
The baleful source of all your present woes.

PROMETHEUS.

Great as they are, I would not change my state,
To live, like you, a runner to the great.
No: slav'ry here a brighter pleasure brings,
Than faithful vows pledge to flinty kings.
Such terms thy previous insults but invite.

MERCURY.

Thy mis'ries seem a source of thy delight.

PROMETHEUS.

Delight! sayst thou? Oh, would that all my foes
Might thus delight, partakers of my woes!
And thee I count among them.

MERCURY.

Wherefore seek
To blame me for thy pains?

PROMETHEUS.

In brief to speak,
All gods that live I hate: unjustly they
With torment my benevolence repay.

MERCURY.

Madness, I see, is thine,—no small disease.

PROMETHEUS.

If madness be to hate mine enemies,
Then let it come.

MERCURY.

Should prosp'rous fortune crown
Thy toils, who'd bear thee?

(Prometheus groans)

These are sounds unknown
To Jove.

PROMETHEUS.

But years advancing all unfold.

MERCURY.

Why didst thou not learn wisdom, as they roll'd?

PROMETHEUS.

True – or I should not parley with a slave.

MERCURY.

The needful answers my petitions crave,
You grant not to my Father.

PROMETHEUS.

If I owe'd,
The good receiv'd in turn should be bestow'd.

MERCURY.

The sharp retorts, Prometheus, you employ,
Suit but the captious chiding of a boy.

PROMETHEUS.

Art thou not yet than changeling child more vain,
If thus thou hop'st my secret lore to gain?
Nor Jove's fierce plagues, nor all his counsels weak,
Shall prompt my tongue his destin'd doom to speak,
Till first his wild these penal bonds shall break.
Let the storm burst! the fulgent fire be hurl'd,
Infuriate thunders tear the pregnant world!
While white-wing'd snow compounds th'unnatural war,
Let mingling elements convulsive jar!
These cannot bend my will; and yet unknown
Shall be the destin'd conqu'ror of his throne.

MERCURY.

yet pause, & weigh what boots thine impious pride.

PROMETHEUS.

old my resolve, the ills long since descried.

MERCURY.

Vain, arrogant, thy soul, to scan thy fate,
And all th'impending horrors which await.

PROMETHEUS.

Idle thy threats, and impotent their shock,
As the hoarse billows on th' eternal rock.
Be sure, no womanish fears can ever move
My soul to dread the angry mind of Jove,
Nor raise my suppliant hand in fawn's fold,
To ask th' indignant Thund'rer to withhold
One pang - altho' the pray'r these links could burst,
No prostrate trembler I - I wait the worst.

MERCURY.

My words are vain. The hours ill-spent depart,
No pray'rs can sooth, nor touch thy stubborn heart.
Fierce as the steed new-broke, who spurns the plain,
Champs on the bit, & bursts the guiding rein;
Potent, yet feeble, in thy purpose wrong,
In wisdom weak, in obstinacy strong;
In obstinacy, which from reason's side
Estrang'd, is panoplied in matchless pride.
Yet once again I warn thee to regard,
If deaf to reason's prayer, Jove's fiat ward;
What storms shall rush, what desp'rate waves shall pour,
Full on thy helpless head their angry roar.
First on this mighty cliff, which top-most stands,
Shall the red bolt be launch'd at Jove's commands:
Mid the loud peals, its flinty entrails rent,
Thy hideous prison yawning shall present;
Lock'd in its rigid hold, what years must fly
Thy cheerless solitude uncounted by;
Ere flows returning light upon thine eye!
And there the blood-hound wing'd, with raw'ning beak,
Jove's sateless vulture, shall his banquet seek;
Deep in thy breast the grisly wound shall rend,
His daily feast, unskill'd, shall still attend;
Lap the black gore ev'n at its fountain springs,
With panting appetite, & beating wings;—

No hope thy suff'rings term to mediate,
Until some god, the partner of thy fate,
Shall view Tartarian gulphs profoundly wade,
And tempt deep Hell's impenetrable shade.
On this reflect; no fictions I rehearse,
But speak the naked honors of thy curse:
The mouth of God no trifling falsehood knows;
Pure from th' eternal lip, truth only flows.
But pause and ponder — and thou wilt not hold
Thy pride with all my counsels just unfold.

CHORUS.

Methinks that suasive Hermes speaks thee sooth,
Bids cut the simple scanting of truth;
Or yield thee yet, self-will severe forgot;
'Tis base to scorn the lore by wisdom taught.

PROMETHEUS.

Long hath he clamor'd on mine ear,
Long since prepar'd my doom to hear.
When fetter'd at a foeman's feet,
Vile vengeance all expect to meet.
Hurl'd round my head, let streaming fires
Now shake their sharp & radiant spires;
Thunders convulse the fever'd air,
And whirlwinds nurse the gangrene there.
Pluck'd from its roots, on storms upborn,
Be solid earth's foundations torn;
Let oceans fierce invading wave
Overwhelm the courses of the stars;
Down hell's last depths unsearch'd profound,
Be whirl'd these passive members, bound
By fate's indissoluble force,
Swept by each eddy's rushing course.
He cannot quench th' eternal flame;
In' immortal mind abides the same.

MERCURY.

We hear the words, the thoughts, that grow
In wild delusions of the brain;

Why more delay the final blow?
If madness happiness bestow,
To seek thy mind's recall were vain.
But ye, with tubulary eyes
In this dank thrall who sympathize,
On swiftest wings return again:
Lest bellowing thunder's battling sound,
Your awe-struck senses may confound.

CHORUS.

Thy counsels spare; persuasion's art,
In better themes, may suit thy tongue;
But vain thy words to touch my heart,
Tho' on them inspiration hung.
Why wouldst thou bid me basely depart
This closing scene of many a wrong?
If ruin in his fall involve
This innocent land, the shock I wait;
I've learnt to rev'rence his resolve,
But mine betrayers learnt to hate.
Such mean desertion, friendship thus untrue,
Know that beyond all baseness I eschew.

MERCURY.

Remember well my warning, when
Hunted by ruin's inquest dread;
Blame not your fortunes; say not then,
That, trapt in hopeless toils unseen,
Jove's fury pour'd upon your head.
Timely appriz'd, and well aware,
Ye seek th' immeasurable snare;
And folly wraps your froward forms,
In this wild maze of breaking storms.

PROMETHEUS.

In deed, and not alone in word,
Earth to her centre shakes;
The deep-mouth'd thunder's bellowing voice is heard;
Their whirling spires the vivid lightnings slope!

The mighty grasp the sounds in volumes waited;
The winds exulting thro' th' extended cope,
Hold their unbridl'd revelry, and pour
Their hosts tempestuous in conflicting roar,
Ocean and air confound their mingling realms,
All Jove's collected vengeance high,
In fear-inspiring majesty,
On one wild sweep his victim whelms.
Oh! sacred mother earth! oh! air divine!
Thro' whose wide plains th' eternal lamp is roll'd,
Common to all, but now no longer mine,
Buried in night, my wrongs unjust behold!

FINIS.

A. & S.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 186.

—

Stridet refluentibus undis.
VIRG. GEORG. IV. 262.

—

IN examining the inhabitants, character, and employments, of a community so professedly intellectual as our own, who has not been struck with the total deficiency of literary pursuits, views, ambition, and feelings? We have no order of learned men,— we stand isolated in an age of mind,— we scatter no light from our native land, and gain but a partial illumination from the genius of the other world. The most vigorous exertions are but scattered and disjointed efforts; not the consolidated strength of one united, harmonious whole. From the tumult of commercial care, the ~~selfish~~ vulgar asperities of party, the dreams of political speculation, but few seem inclined to snatch one fleeting hour of higher and more lasting enjoyment;

to leave for a little season the things of earth; to fly to a purer region of thought and spirit. The same nerveless apathy may be ascribed among us both to writers and their patrons. We have not an artist that does not seek for fame and fortune beyond the waves; not an inventor that does not turn from home as from the death-bed of his hopes; not a nameless poet that can dare to live by song.

These reflections, long familiarized to every mind, received, a short time since, an additional excitement, from the contents of a little pamphlet, sent by an old friend across the waste of waters. It was with no common delight, that, amid the general stagnation reigning around us, we recognized, once more, the pure and polished strain of our own accomplished Irving. Exiled from the land of his fathers, the communion of friends, the scenes of earlier years; an inhabitant of other regions, conversant with new associations, tossed upon a varying sea of tumult and of trial; his original beauties yet shine with undiminished strength, though distance lends softness to their hues. The unsullied innocence of his heart, has advanced with the increasing virtues of his mind: and he presents, in these last beautiful effusions of his genius, a pattern of combined qualities, but rarely united in man; all the glowing freshness of childhood, with the vigor of mature age.

The great charm which

has so endeared to the affections of his countrymen the name of this distinguished writer, may be found, as he observes of English scenery, in the moral beauty that adorns it. From his very first appearance as a follower of letters to the present time, his character has ever stood high on the list of the virtuous, as exalted in the catalogue of genius. He has never lent his power to veil from infamy the nakedness of vice; nor even, like another contemporary author, darkened the lustre of his page with the shades of a gloomy misanthropy. Dennie presented the strange inconsistency of a profligate and a moralist: Paulding spends all his vigor in railing at his fellows: Irving breathes in every line benevolence to man, and fulfils in his life the precepts of his pen. His eloquence is that which captivates the heart — we read in his effusions the language of a man we love — every word speaks out with the energy of truth, and comes clothed in living radiance from a spotless breast.

But let us examine more particularly the characteristic qualities of our author. And as to his humor we shall first speak, because upon the great work in which this is most eminently displayed, his reputation with posterity will principally stand. The subject of Knickerbocker's inimitable narrative, will increase in interest, as time gives antiquity

to the spot whose origin it records. Those only will understand it who have visited the scenes of which it speaks, — but by them it will be felt forever. To all but those who are concerned in the personal allusions it contains, it must stand as a matchless specimen of continued wit, employed upon the most felicitous of all objects, the portrait of a genuine Dutchman. For the original of the picture we have models in the present day: and the descendants remain as living comments on the virtues of their sires. In depicting the father, he but painted the son: and the cries raised against the artist, only prove the faithfulness of the likeness.

It was with some surprize, therefore, that we lately heard a justly celebrated writer* of our own city, condemning as a melancholy instance of misapplied genius, this humorous satire of his friend. And the remarks adduced on that occasion in support of his decision, drawn from the nature of the Dutch character, do not seem at all applicable to such a case as the present. The interesting peculiarities of a Hollander, considered apart from some of the nobler qualities which chara-

* Verplanck's oration before the N.Y. His. Socty.

terize the nation, certainly afford an exhaustless theme of well-directed ridicule. With respect also to the courage of that people, tried and well-known as it already is, it may afford a reasonable question, when danger confronts a Dutchman on the one hand, and interest touches his pocket on the other, to which side he will lend the preponderance. Well-convinced of the happiness of his theme, our author laid out all his powers in conformity to his end: and in this tale, founded in substance upon actual facts, but owing all its interest to the pen that records them, the name of Irving will be perpetuated through succeeding time, as long as taste and wit can find a votary in the country of his birth.

With respect to the humor of this interesting production it may be further observed, that it is tempered in every case with the hand of discretion. It carries no malignity to disturb the happiness of private life, or debase the integrity of individual character. It is the indulgence of innocent mirth on a subject most capable of its excitement: it conveys sensations at variance with no feeling of virtue or of honor: it calls up emotions which none should be unwilling to cherish; and plants the shaft of ridicule wherever the arrow should be felt.

In these productions of our au-
thor's genius in which he has touched
the chord to graver strains, we have per-
haps as beautiful a specimen of a pure
English style, as could be found to
exist among writers. Mr Irving has nev-
er, we believe, been distinguished for
classical attainments: and, indeed, nei-
ther his thoughts nor diction flow with
that energy of inspiration, which the
child of genius imbibes from the bright-
est models of the Grecian and the Ro-
man school. He has a mind enrich-
ed with the stores of varied informa-
tion; refined by successive years of in-
tellectual employment; and versed
in the beauties of the modern lan-
guages of the European world. Con-
sidered as a writer in this light, he
holds a proud preeminence: and
if ranked in the lists of learning
with his American brethren, who
among them is a scholar?

The effusions of Irving
which have appeared from time to
time, and in different shapes, are
sufficiently well known to every en-
lightened American. He may be
classed among the best of satirists
as the chief contributor to Salma-
gundi in its original form; as
the feeling writer of his fellow's woes,
in the Traits of Indian Character;

and as among the first of biographers in his beautiful tribute to the genius of Campbell. And now, when years have rolled by since these were first given to the world, and Time and circumstance have changed him in situation and in country; he appears again, with ideas enlarged by visitation to the fountains of learning and of taste, and with a soul expanded by the magnificence around him, yet fraught with the tender remembrance of his native land. In the Sketch Book we have an improved specimen of all our author's characteristic beauty of thought, and felicity of expression. He has not fathomed deeply, because he intended but to amuse: but he has awakened the finest chords of human feeling, by his correct delineations of private character, his exquisite portraits of domestic happiness and grief, his magic outlines of society, manners, and life.

In perusing the interesting narrative of Roscoe, we were very forcibly struck with the similarity of condition between the eulogist, and the genius he portrays. It is with a peculiar emphasis of feeling, that he seems to picture out this ornament of English literature, as retiring for solace and support upon

the resources of his own furnished mind, when the tumults of business could no longer engage. Like him, our honored countryman seeks in the calmer walks of literary life, that employment which the pursuits of commerce have ceased to supply: and the cultivation of a polished understanding, instead of forming the relaxation of his leisure hours, has become the settled object of his thoughts and cares. He may be ranked as an addition to the catalogue of those, in whom is exemplified the incompatibility of an ~~love of~~ application to letters, with a successful pursuit in the acquisition of gain. The two occupations are separate as light from darkness. The one is aspiring and ethereal, the other poisoned by the corruptions of earth. The one is an exercise of the social affections, a communion with greatness and with virtue, a revelling in fairy regions of exhaustless enjoyment. The other is a narrow calculation of interest, a slavery of the heart to the basest of bondage, a servile in the most unenviable of toils, a fellowship with the most uninteresting of men.

To join in the adventurous course of commerce and of fortune; to mingle in the contest of trade with others less rarely gifted with the endowments

of mind, but more fitted to run the steady goal; this was the lot of him whose genius his country yet delights to honor. What were his motives for the choice, his countrymen are most concerned to answer. Who has ever lived by authorship on this side of the Atlantic? Had even Johnson started here as a pennyless writer, he never would have emerged from his garret. And an author, unwilling to build his future hopes upon the encouragement of his paternal land, flies himself in a stranger clime, torn from the associates of his youth, and divided from the partners of his love. It is beyond the ocean that he rouses into exertion the active energies of mind: and from the shores of another world we catch some few irradiations of a genius, which would wither beneath its native skies.

To the great and the good alone, if to any in our land, must Irving turn to receive the pure tribute of his country's praise. His views are too exalted, his dispositions too enlarged, for the vulgar to covet and admire. His political opinions, so far as they may be discovered in his works, come from a soul, united with indissoluble ties to the shores where he was first ushered into being, but rising with aspirations of love to all that is noble in other climes. From the the slaves of party animosities, who hates every thing that is virtuous, and

envies every thing that is great, he has no return of benevolence to expect: but the wise, the generous, and the high, will continue, as they have already done, to associate with his name, all that is brilliant in cultivated talent, and estimable in private worth.

Q.

THE AERONAUT.

No. 187.

Salve, læta dies, meliorque revertere semper,
Et populo rerum digna potente cole!

OVID. FAST. lib. I. v. 87.

Festivals, in their first institution, by whatever name called, and for whatever end designed, are the result as well as the incentives of the noblest enthusiasm that fires the heart of man. Roused by these returning chronicles of time to ethereal visions of the past and the future, fancy still glows with the treasured glories of departed years, and turns her prophetic dreams to ages yet unborn. Greece, as the rival minstrels sounded the paean of their country's freedom, beheld her heroes of ancient days arise in an immortality of fame — the shade of Alcides again beckoned her to conquest, as the Nemean wrestler struggled for the chaplet of renown — degenerate Rome, in the splendor of its

justic triumphs, thrilled at the image of her long lost Throne, and honors, and imperial pride. we have all of us known these feelings in our day. The embattled fields where our fathers bled; the spirits that sealed our fortunes in their graves; the harbingers of glory since revealed; these are the recollections on which memory yet loves to linger, when the pomp of festal celebration recalls their consecrated names. we are carried back to a period that has vanished forever: actors and actions rush again upon the scene: and the living hear a monitory lesson from the dead.

It was sensations such as these, that the day which our countrymen so recently celebrated, awakened with involuntary ardor. It is fraught with each dear remembrance of years gone by; and sounds, at every successive renewal, the watch-word of victory, patriotism, and virtue. To chain down our recollections to the first authors of our national existence — to retrace the plains that are hallowed by their blood — to catch the energy of their deathless spirit — to follow what they thought, and wished, and acted — are those practical ends, without the accomplishment of which, parade is but the mockery of death. To those then whom the passing tumult arrests, unconnected with the moral lesson it conveys, time has no note; ex-

has no treasure; and former existence is but a dream of things that were.

These ideal images of the past, we should naturally suppose would be predominant, in such seasons of festive enjoyment. Yet who would not imagine, on surveying both demagogue and crowd, that joined in the celebration of Monday, that this day of rejoicing had degenerated in spirit and intention, from the pattern of elder times? What were the dreams of the gazing herd, while the clarion, the thunder-drum, and the trumpet, echoed back the first cry of independence? Who are our stripling orators, that first lisp their mother tongue, to execrate the land of their fathers; to curse the clime of classic learning, of religion, and of freedom; to poison the benevolence of kindred nations; to belie the dying injunctions of revolutionary freemen? What burst of honest feeling mingles with the aspirations of these demi-gods of vulgar fame? These are not the hearts that would have died, that future ages might be free. Their patriotism is the wrangling of beggared politicians— their perception is the darkness that had no fellowship with light— their principle is the changeling of an hour— their morality the vision of an office.

Astounded as the shade of Washington would start, could he rise

from his sepulchral darkness, on the vociferations of these little declaimers; and much as some of our good old fathers would condemn the bastard spirit that is supplanting their own; yet there was a something, in this season's recurrence, unutterably pleasing to an honest heart. To see sire and son, gaping in vacant wonder on the pageantry before them, alike reckless of its nature, origin, and end; riotting in returning scenes, of which all they know is that they are renewals of their joy; conveys a genuine picture of that unfettered existence, where freedom is so much a habit, that man forgets his father was a vassal. Do we not read in every face, a liberty unconfined, a will which cannot be controlled, a spirit which has never been subdued?

These few observations are but echoing what thousands have reiterated before us. If the tributary notes of a minstrel, to record the honors of this returning day, can add anything to swell its triumphs, they carry their own plea before them. The subject forms the melody of the song.

High thoughts the patriot's bosom sway,
And quick its prouder pulses play,
As ushering freedom's natal day,
Resounds the loud artillery.

From Lakes and Torrents' northern chain,
To realms new-won from peerless Spain,
From Mississippi to the main,
Awakes a nation's revelry.

O glorious morn! thy gates unfold!
The triumphs of the hour behold!
As on the isle belov'd of old,
The sun forever looks on thee!
With rapt'rous light, the sparkling beam
On crest and bayonet bright shall stream,
While pours a people's choral hymn,
Upon the breeze its symphony.

Or if a passing cloud arise,
To dim the smile that lights the skies,
Such cloud above the patriot's eyes
Shall float, tear-fraught with memory.
For those in glory's grave who sleep,
That men thy deathless rites may keep,
Time-honor'd martyrs! we will weep
The holiest drops of sympathy.

Thro' seven long years of anxious doubt,
Of strife and blood our Fathers wrought,
Until they won the prize they sought,
And seal'd with death their victory:
And still, in each returning year,
Shall, on this day, the glitt'ring tear
Bedew their kindred never dear,
And greener shall their verdure be.

To GOD, whose red right arm afar,
Bar'd thro' the thunder-cloud of war,
Led, like the shepherds' guiding star,
Our sires to thy nativity —

Where rain and mist and storms were sent,
So oft, to thwart the foes' intent;
To him let ev'ry knee be bent
And pour'd our songs of Jubilee!

And next to hear'n, and hear'n alone,
We breath'd the name of WASHINGTON,
Yet more revered, as years roll on,
And younger with antiquity.
No marble pile, no sculptur'd stones
Rise o'er our Father's sacred bones;
As o'er the old world's mighty ones,
Fond, unsubstantial flattery!

In Vernon's shades, a simple mound
His honor'd ashes rises round;
And there he sleeps, in that free ground,
By him redeem'd from slavery.
Each breeze along the air that sighs,
The winds on pinions strong that rise,
And far thro' all the echoing skies
Peal loud and long their descant free—

The murmuring waters gushing strong,
And gen'ral nature's choral song,
Borne on the patriot's ear along,
Breathe the name dear to Liberty.
Wherever rules th' unconquer'd will,
Where life's warm tides the free heart fill,
That hallow'd name is present still,
Green in its Immortality!

A. L. S.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 188.

QUIDNUNIANA. NO.

Tristius haud illis monstrum.

VIRG. AEN. III. 214.

To him who has been taught by habit, education, or some higher cause, to trace in every action of his life the existence of an omnipresent God, the disbelief in the being of a Deity is a mystery which he cannot comprehend. The eye even of the speculative Christian perceives so bright an image of divinity in every object of nature, intellect, and sense, that the starless journey of an atheist through this valley of sorrow and of tears, seems too desolate for man to choose. I have, times without number, shrunk back in terror from the presence of a professed infidel, and then doubted whether so dark a monster

breathed, and moved, and had a being. yet this mental delusion is a real though inexplicable example, how soon we are lost in a wilderness of doubt and night, when heaven's pillar of fire has ceased to be our guide. Why wonder that the soul, in turning back upon the light that shines from above, should present this gloomy spectacle of clouded understanding, and darkened perceptions? The heart that will not own the dictates of a power beyond the limits of mortal sight, loses the only beacon that points us to the road of duty and of peace; that restraining the countless aberrations of the human mind; ~~that~~ enkindles the brightest motives to virtue, in the prospect of its final reward. The departure from this great landmark of direction increases by slow degrees: wavering doubt becomes open unbelief; secret repining advances to rebellion; and faint reliance in protection ends in the blasphemy of a public disavowal.

Tracing these gradual steps of impiety, it is easy to mark the progressive deterioration of man, ~~in this or in other times~~, when unenlightened by the rays of eternal truth. We may all form a general estimate of the horrors of a system, moulded on such principles, and motived by such preparatory means.

But it requires something closer than a common view, to know it in its variety of effects - its withering of the social affections - its perversion of sentiment and mind - its prostration of every purer feeling that animates the heart. A temporary communion with one of these prodigies in nature, is the school in which religion only strengthens the attachments it had formed before; soars higher to the fountain of its hopes and pleasures; looks beyond the corruptions of time and sense, and longs for the congenial fellowship of brighter worlds.

I am just leaving an abode which I have shared for the last fortnight, with one whose system has ripened him into perhaps the ablest of his species that ever lived in the intercourse of men. Years have made him what he is: variety of scene has not changed the line and coloring of his thoughts: success lifts him to a rebel; misfortune hardens him into a fiend. He never speaks but in broken accents of himself: the story of his former life I heard from others who had known him in earlier days, been his companions in former times, and could tell because they had analyzed the lineaments of his mind.

Cast about forty years ago, as my informants relate, upon the charity of a comfortless world, by the death of the parents who had cherished the first five years of his existence, he started as an orphan, ere matu-

ity of reason could guide him in the opening scenes that lay before him. The relentless indifference of the guardians whom law had licensed, but affection had not endeared; the consciousness of lonely desolation in the midst of all that moved around him; the "whips and scorns" of hopeless penury, and continued neglect; these gave, as his days advanced, the first tone to a temper originally captious to irritable a mould, and hardened by these crosses of his youthful career. He was dark, gloomy, suspicious, impatient of authority, and indignant with his fellows. The humility of his situation was at variance with the aspiring energies of his mind: he was trampled by the petty task-masters whom he despised, but could not resist: he saw in no face depicted a heart in unison with his own: in the land of his birth and kindred he could not claim a friend.

But the death-blow to his principles was not yet struck. Trained, from the first dawnings of his infant mind, to the religion in which his fathers had lived and died, he even yet preserved the ~~memory of~~ and the observance of its accustomed forms, and might perhaps have occasionally looked for some gleams of consolation in the messages of gospel truth. But the ~~light~~ Knowledge imparted to

his soul was as yet but the faint twilight of uncertainty and doubt: he was planning out the schemes of his own future peace, upon ideal forms of his own invention: he was wandering without a hand to point the way: with earth he had but little communion, and heaven was not revealed as the city of his hopes. Thus wavering in sullen pride; finding comfort only in the satisfaction of conscious innocence and worth; blind to the darkness of a deluded heart; ignorant of the path of permanent enjoyment; a Socinian seized and marked him as his prey. The delusive whispers of self-righteousness offered an apparent peace to his wounded breast, and raised him in contemptuous scorn above the creatures that surrounded his way. The few scattered glimmerings of religion which the light of education had communicated, vanished before the influence of this novel creed: the narrow dictates of a selfish misanthropy wrapt him within himself, and shut out man from his love: every kind affection died; the avenues to his heart were closed; and a naked morality withered him in its grasp.

The next step was easy, and almost imperceptible. The arch-Temp-

ter, through the services of the wretched sophist who had won him to his side, had only been paving the way for that total rejection of the very semblance of belief, to which his system was a preparatory step. His victim was now young and ardent. The circumstances of the times were peculiar. Revolutionary anarchy had been raised in Continental Europe, on the ruins of monarchy and freedom: The frenzy of political innovation spread like electric fire from France even to the bosom of her deadliest foe: and the alarum of despotism and infidelity rung through the British shores. Our youthful enthusiast caught the infection as it flew; shook off the trammels of a code of precepts which he could not feel; cast God, and heaven, and judgment, in the shade; and the jacobin and the atheist shone out together, in rebellion against the institutions of man, and defiance of vengeance from the skies.

This was only, however, the road to brief, as well as vulgar fame. He even now, when occasional allusions recall these days of horror, mutters curses on the power that blasted three years of life, and activity, and vigor, in the gloom of a solitary dungeon: and can only vent his

unavailing regrets on the time that was lavished without its reward. His solitary lesson put a period to all his preconcerted schemes of public action. He has since moved within the narrow and ~~obscure~~ crowded circle of commercial employments, and his principles, still warm and glowing as ever, fall useless for want of an object, back upon his own heart. He feels the littleness of his condition, while the fire that burns within him will not suffer the rest that his obscurity would allow. He kicks against the goads of his own miserable fortune; his vain philosophy can yield him no relief; and blasphemy is all his refuge from despair.

The countenance of this disordered being, as it now remains after the tempests of his former trials, presents a combination of the most terribly interesting features that nature ever unites. Mind lives in every mark and line. He ~~talks~~ speaks ~~fast~~ with an energy which no prejudice can resist; his words ~~fly~~ swift and pointed; and he never breathes a syllable without its aim. But in his face, and looks and manner, his temper forms the master-part. ~~Beneath~~ In the ~~fiery~~ flashes of his light grey eyes, there lurks a spirit that would tear

the world if it resisted his control. The deep wrinkles of his forehead mark a soul yet writhing under the scourge of disappointed fury, and mortified ambition. The contemptuous curl of his lip conveys ten thousand words of bitterness, and scorn, and cherished hate. None of the charities of life can be discerned in the composition of that repulsive visage of darkness. His frown is the writing sign of resentment which time will never quell: and the shafts of his ridicule are dipped in venom at every point. He never laughs but to wound his brother: to mock at one for his piety, and triumph over the other in his weakness.

Great as are the natural endowments with which heaven has gifted this strange adventurer's mind, the folly of his choice has shut him out from nearly all the light of past and present time. He has science in all its branches. But this only affords research upon things: and whatever in it tends to the veneration of a great First Cause, he casts in derision to the winds of heaven. His results are little and confined, and neither mend his temper, nor improve his heart. With literature he nei-

ther is, nor wishes to be acquainted. Morals are to him but a dead letter: the foundation upon which only they can rest, he has denied to professs an existence; questioned the origin of the very ~~words~~ wonders he examined, and dethroned the Almighty himself from the citadel of his power. And, after all that can be said to magnify the intellect, and emblazon the genius of these apostates from religion and truth, where are they, when they have done all that wit and talent can aid them to perform? what space do they fill in the world of useful, reasoning, and intelligent beings? For what end does the atheist live, and what radiance of glory survives his tomb? When learning has wasted itself to undermine the buttresses of social order, economy, and peace; to quench the affections of brotherhood in man; to cast clouds and darkness over the Christian's hopes, in regions beyond the dim shadows of the present life; it descends with the dust it filled to the common receptacle of mortality; the association blends no charms with its remembrance; execrations of millions are its ~~only~~

dirge; and its name is a reproach among the nations.

Q.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 189.

——————— silvas et rura colebat,
Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris.
Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. XI. v. 146.

MOSCHUS, the friend of Bion, and the poet of love, adorned the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The places of his residence and birth are alike lost in obscurity; and it would be frivolous, in repeating enquiry, only to repeat conjecture. The professed and successful imitator of him whom he claimed as his intimate in life, and so beautifully mourned in death, he has won from posterity a laurel, which Theocritus himself might not disdain to wear. An ancient in subject, and imagery, and diction, the few remaining samples of his mind might have pleased none other than the period in which he lived,

had not affection stamped a lasting memorial on his name, and feeling made him the denizen of every age.

The elegy on Bion may safely be said to have fixed the character of Moschus as a poet. He lost a kindred genius, when his friend and model was no more: and the expression of his sorrows all nations and all times can feel. In his personifications of those natural objects which Bion once had sung, and which might be supposed to sigh sadly when his harp could tell of them no longer, he is indeed consonant with the systems of his own days; but in every line he touches on a chord which vibrates in harmony with nature, and conveys its language to the soul. The Lycidas of Milton approaches nearer, perhaps, than any monody of later times, to the form and manner of this fine relic of antiquity: yet we are not so contented to venture in a modern hand the choice of those conceptions, which Greece adopted as being grounded in her mythology, and interwoven with her faith. The apologues of Moschus were dictated by necessity; and his excellence consists, not in the selection, but the adaptation of those fables, which the pastoral Muse framed ready before him.

It is to be regretted that the lyre of our poet should have been generally tuned to themes, so little worthy of the hand that woke the strings. In trifling conceits, and quaint allusions, either

founded upon the fabulous legends of the rural gods, or the sudden distortions of his wandering fancy, we too often see the traces of a genius, sporting in rich but useless luxuriance. What may have been the character of those effusions which have perished in the wreck of time, it is impossible to say. The Third Idyll would alone crown him with immortality: and could we believe that many of his efforts were employed on such elevating subjects for his chaste and tender Muse, we might heave a sigh over the few remnants that live to tell his fame.

The only remains of Moschus are Seven Idylls, and an Epigram on Cupid; the whole of which we have translated in the present number, with the exception of Europa, and Megara, the Wife of Hercules, which will be found in the 10th volume of our work.

The first in order which we present, has veiled a sufficiently unmiving subject in an inexhibit archness and simplicity. It may be worth while for the classical reader to compare it with Bion's Seventeenth Idyll, and Meleager's Fugitive.

I.

LOVE A FUGITIVE. *Idyll á.*

VENUS on Love her son impetuous call'd:
If any on the cross-paths see him stray,
He is my fugitive: and he that finds him
Shall have a Kiss; and if thou bring him back,
Not a mere Kiss, my friend, but something more.
The boy mid twenty may be known: his skin

Not white, but fiery: flaming are his eyes,
And sharp; his mind is cunning, sweet his tongue;
For what he speaks, he thinks not: and his voice
Is sweet as honey: when inflam'd with rage,
His heart is deaf to mercy: full of fraud
The child, severely playful, sly, and false.
His head is twin'd with ringlets; and he wears
A bold, presuming front: his hands are little,
But he throws far, and makes his weapons fly
To distant Acheron, and old King Pluto.
His form is naked, but his purpose dark:
And wing'd, like feathery bird, he darts his way
Here, there, and ev'ry where; on men and women
Alternate lights, and preys upon their vitals.
Small is his bow, and small the arrow's size,
But flies upborne to heav'n; his quiver slung
Around his back he wears; and bitter shafts
Are hid within it; I have felt them often.
All, all is fierce about him; more than this,
The Sun himself is kindled by his torch.
If you should take him, bind and bring him here;
And do not pity him; nor let his tears
Lead you astray; and drag him, tho' he laugh.
And, if he wish to kiss you, turn away:
His kiss is mischievous, his lips are poison.
And if he say, "Take these - my arms I give you;"
Beware, and touch them not: for ev'ry gift
The urchin carries has been dipt in fire.

II.

Epitaph of Bion,
The Shepherd of Love. Idyll 5'.

YE groves! Thou Dorian fount! sad music keep:
Ye plaintive streams, for lovely Bion weep!
Drop tears, ye trees! ye woods the strain extend!
Ye flowers, in drooping pride, sad odor send!
Ye dark anemones, ye roses, glow,
Flush'd with the tinge of grief, and red with woe.
Pale hyacinth! thy trembling petals rear,
In imitative signs, distincter here —
Mourn round the perish'd minstrel's honor'd bier!

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
From woodland shades, ye nightingales! complain:
To Arethusa's fountain warbling tell,
That Bion's dead: and with the shepherd fell
The power of melody; the poet's fire;
And the soft measures of the Dorian lyre.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Nor, softly sad, ye tuneful swans refrain,
By Strymon's wave: such mournful cadence pour,
As Bion warbled round your peaceful shore:
Sing to Bistonian nymphs, Rhegia's maids,
The Doric Orpheus lingers in the shades.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
No more mid list'ning herds, to grace the plain,
The songster comes; nor fills the lonely glade,
Beneath the spreading oak's embow'ring shade.
Flush'd are the hills: his trembling fingers wave

Lethean numbers mid th'infernal cave:
The heifers feed not – howl the piteous cry –
Refuse th'accustom'd hand, and walk unheeding by.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Bion, for thee, see Phœbus' self complain.
The weeping Satyrs mourn thy sudden tomb,
and black-rob'd Sylvans, veil'd in deeper gloom;
The fauns thy long-forgotten harp deplore:
The fountain nymphs, deep murm'ring by the shore,
Drop tears at ev'ry flow: and Echo sighs,
That sounds she mimick'd once, no longer rise.
With thee, the springing verdure found its grave:
The flocks delicious milk no longer gave:
No golden hives display'd their honied store,
For honey ceas'd to please, when thine was o'er.

The pensive strain, Sicilian Muses! wake:
Not, round the shore where ocean billows break,
Mourn'd the sad dolphin; nor the nightingale
Turn'd from her rocky throne such plaintive wail.
Ne'er dirge like this the mountain swallow rang,
Nor Ceyx, in piteous voice, imploring sang:
Such thrilling sound, to Neptune's deepest cave,
The sea-bird shriek'd not on the azure wave:
Nor, deep in Eastern vales, such sad lament
Round Memnon's tomb the flying warbler sent:
A world's bright laurels crown'd thy living head,
and grief's unequall'd strain laments thee dead.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Lament, ye swallows, and ye amorous train

Of nightingales begin: his tender notes
Provok'd with fond delight their mellow throats:
Perch'd on the rustling leaf, in warbling pride,
From branch to branch their answ'ring measures sigh'd:
All birds respons'd: thou too, sequester'd dove!
Lament the shepherd gone, the bard of love.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
What bard thy slumb'ring pipe shall rouse again?
What mouth, thrice-lov'd one! on thy silent reed
Shall dare to run? who tempt the daring deed?
Still o'er the lute thy last, sweet numbers flee—
The pipe thy lips have touch'd is full of thee.
Lone Echo feeds upon the dying means
That yet remain, and answers to the tones;
I hear the pipe to Pan: he will not raise,
Second perchance to thine, the poet's lays.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Down by the shore that skirts her native main,
Sad Galatæa weeps, where at thy side,
Soft in her ear the soothing numbers died.
Deaf to the Cyclops' song, she fled to thee,
And smil'd to view thee from the wat'ry sea.
And now, in waves no more, by lonely sands,
She feeds thy former flock with shepherd hands.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
What gifts, departed shepherd, now remain,
Which erst the Muses gave; sweet draughts of bliss,
Suck'd from the rosy lips at ev'ry kiss?
Around thy tomb the weeping Loves deplore;
And Cyprian Venus loves thy music more,
Than the last kiss that grac'd th'expiring breath

Of pale Adonis on his couch of death.
Shrill-sounding Meles! wake another lay
attun'd to grief: thy second mourning pay.
When thine own Homer first, the minstrel king,
Calliope's sweet mouth, had ceas'd to sing,
E'en Ocean heard thee, as thy child expired,
and founts of streaming tears the shade required.
Weep yet again – new floods of sorrow pour –
another son lies breathless on thy shore.
Both claim'd a fountain's love: one sought the bed
Pegasian; one to Arethusa fled.
That sang bewitching Helen's faithless flame,
The Son of Thetis, and the Spartan's fame:
To Pan, not Mars, the later poets' shell
Breath'd its mild murmurs thro' the whisp'ring dell;
Not tears, but swains his theme, the shepherd led
His grazing flock, still singing as he fed:
Fram'd the soft pipe, to rustic measures true;
The milk's sweet fountain from the heifer drew;
Taught the kind kisses maidens can bestow;
Love in his bosom nurs'd, and bade from Venus flow.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
on thee the cities call, for thee complain!
Not Acra thus for vanish'd Hesiod sigh'd,
Nor thus Baotia wept when Pindar died.
Not, when Alcaeus fled, from Lesbos rose,
From Cos, to mourn her bard, such lengthen'd woes:
E'en Mitylenian Sappho yields to thee,
And Paros leaves her native minstrelsy.
Each past'ral bard that breathes the Muses' fire,
Laments thy wither'd hand, and nerveless lyre:
The Samians' pride, Sicelidas, complains;

And smiling Lycidas, on Cydon's plains,
Pours the full tear; the sad Philetas weeps,
And sweet Theocritus his descant keeps.
Ausonian strains my lute delights to sing,
Us'd to Bucolics long; and ev'ry string
Sounds of the Dorian Muse bequeath'd by thee:
Others thy wealth enjoy – thy harp was left for me.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
The mallows sinking on the winter plain,
The crisped anise, parsley's verdant flower,
Lift their green heads in spring's reviving hour.
Man only, nobly great, severely wise,
In earth's deep womb thro' darkling ages lies:
Death comes – his eyes eternal slumbers keep,
And own the grave's interminable sleep.
In silence hush'd, e'en thy sweet numbers fall:
To please the Nymphs the frogs forever call;
I envy not the strain – for harshness mars it all.

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Dark to thy mouth, the poison's mind'rous stain
Dear Bion! rose: but how could poison meet
Those lips of honey, and not turn to sweet?
Who mix'd the draught, or gave it thee, nor found
A melting echo in the minstrel's sound?

Sicilian Muses! wake the pensive strain:
Justice will come to all: not therefore vain
My sorrowing dirge, thy music to deplore,
That wakes its chords of minstrelsy no more.
Could I, as, wand'ring to the Stygian shade,
Alcides, Orpheus, and Ulysses stray'd,

Descend; there list'ning would I bend to hear
The numbers warbled in the monarch's ear.
But then, to soothe sad Proserpine, prolong
Sicilian measures, or Bucolic song:
There once she struck, while Ætna caught the sound,
And Dorian numbers breath'd responsive round.
Nor vain thy lay: the lyre that bade of yore
Thy King the lost Eurydice restore,
Touch'd by thy hand, e'en Bion's self may bring;
Could these weak fingers modulate the string,
Myself in hell would dare th'impassion'd strain,
And call to weeping Greece her bard again.

III.

SEA AND LAND. Idyll 6.

WHEN gentle breezes lift the azure wave,
E'en timid heart like mine can then be brave:
Sick with the land, I love the billowy roll,
And a soft calm comes lulling to the soul.
But when the white depth roars, and ev'ry wave
Foams crooked, as the distant surges rave,
For earth and trees I look disorder'd round,
Shrink from the sea, and kiss the welcome ground.
The shady wood sings sweetly; and e'en then,
When winds blow roughest, thro' the whisp'ring glen
The pine responds. Ah! sad the fisher's life,
His house the tossing bark, the sea his strife,
Deceitful fish his prey: from waves convey'd,
Be mine sweet slumbers in a plane-tree's shade;
And fountain streamlet, gently gurgling near,
With undisturbing notes, pour music on mine ear.

IV. Idyll 5.

PAN lov'd his neighbor Echo: Echo lov'd
The leaping Satyr, Satyr burn'd for Lyda.
As Echo Pan inflam'd, so Satyr Echo,
And Lyda kindled up the little Satyr.
So love retributive had each: all lov'd,
And were neglected, as they slighted others.
These rules unskill'd to those in love are giv'n:
Love, when belov'd — thus, loving youll be lov'd.

The following refers to the fable of Alpheus pursuing Arethusa, of whom he was enamoured, through the waves of the sea, without mingling with its waters. The lines are sprightly, but without meaning, and the subject is totally unworthy of the mind of Moschus.

V. Idyll 6.

When Alpheus thro' the deep from Pisa fled,
To olive-bearing Arethuse he sped;
Water, cherie leaves, and flowers, the gifts he bore,
And sacred gravel from his pebbly shore.
Plung'd in the waves the flowing god descends,
Runs thro' the sea, nor with the current blends.
And Ocean knew him not: such potent spell
Sly Cupid us'd: the boy had taught him well:
Deep the designing Knave had lesson'd him;
And taught him by a phrietre how to swim.

VI.

Epigram on Cupid Ploughing.

CUPID aside his quiver flings,
Casts his attending torch away,
A scrip upon his shoulder slings,
And tames a bullock to his sway.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 190.

ἦ μακροβίοτος ὅδε
γέγις ἀιῶν ἐφάνθη
γεραιοῖς, ἀκθεῖν
τόδε πῆμ' ἄελπτον. Aeschyl. Pers. v. 262.

QUIDNONIANA. NO.

To look, even in the thickest night of trial and dismay, to some brighter reversion in prospect, is the continued struggle of the immortal spirit, while it yet lingers on this side the tomb. The sources of comfort are as widely extended, and as infinitely diversified, as age, character, and passion, can mould their forms into being: but, under every modification of time, and circumstance, and place, it is the same impulse that lifts the aspiring soul beyond the darkness of its present

state, that calls up its thousand images of expected bliss, and gladdens with a fancied light the waste and solitude of the heart. Man has no power, as long as reason holds her seat, to turn hopeless from the visions of better days, to await no good in the unknown chances of futurity, to shut out from his uncertain calculations the dreams of tomorrow. The charmer's voice speaks sweetly above the tumults of a comfortless world, whatever be the motives or the nature of our joy.

I have often thought, when looking back upon the troubles of my earlier days, how wisely, in this respect as in others, the lot of man's calamities is often destined to fall. To find the springtime of life and expectation encompassed with sorrow and tears; to have every reasonable anticipation arrested, every ideal fancy set at nought, every promise of beauty blasted; may chill, but cannot repress the ardor of a soul, buoyant with a vigor that will never die. Our associations of youth and wretchedness are naturally clothed in the deepest darkness: we would connect the radiance of constant pleasure with the season most

adapted to enjoyment: but we do not see in these morning clouds the hand that guides them for a time, only as the forerunners of a more auspicious hour. The majority of those who have in the end proved most fit for earth, and most doomed for heaven, are not they who have sailed evenly down the stream of existence, without a warning at the commencement of their course to apprize them of its nature, and point them to its end. It is through doubt, and terror, and lamentation, that we may most properly expect to direct our steps with caution, in the changing scenes of a dubious and unsatisfying world. At the opening of life, man turns for consolation in upon his own heart, as tumbles gather round the foundation of his hopes: and while energy is the strongest, while the soul can rest the chances of the years to come upon exertions which itself can make, and which others need not supply, it will not bend, but rise mightier in the conflict. Every new calamity that clouds our early years, is but an incentive to more increasing efforts to rise above the influence of successive affliction: to look forward with more

enraptured gaze to the veils which shall yet hereafter be revealed; to feel in every string the assurance, that light shall yet shine in the darkness.

Much as all of us must desire, that the entrance at least upon the pilgrimage of this world, should be decked with summer flowers and thornless ways, the danger must be equally apparent with the pleasure of so sweet a desire. Could the heart realize in all its beauty such a transport of youthful anticipation; could every step be led through scenes of uninterrupted enchantment, and even hope itself find no void in its enjoyments; would such be the preparation for those days of trial, when the heart can no longer beat with this delicious excitement, when earth has nothing to bestow, when every prospect is proved to be a vision, and every prop vanishes away? When the tenor of our life is the smoothest, we are the least provided for the changes which a moment may unfold. Led from the indulgence of any feeling but that of a groundless confidence in the objects of sense and pleasure, we never dream of what is possible, till real evils

overtake us; and that too often at a period, when from ourselves we can gather no sources of trust and dependence, and the opportunity of recovery is gone forever.

When the days of youthful vigor have fled away, man is more helpless under the pressure of evil, because his consolations are all drawn from without. At the beginning of life we exist in ourselves, at the close of it in others. Yet even then, as long as the sources of comfort remain, hope and expectation still live in all the plenitude of their power: age can look for nothing in itself, and spends its past years again in those who are rising to succeed. Some are so fortunate as to find, even in the latest hours of a protracted existence, those consoling images of pleasure still presented to the eye, brightening till life is extinct, and the scenes of this world are at an end. The advances of age and infirmity to such present no visions of wretchedness and sorrow: for all that the most ardent earthly calculations can wish to realize, is that the passage to the eternity that awaits us, may be through

a road whose entrance was clothed in beauty, and whose end was gained in peace.

But such is a privilege which embraces few in the varying scenes of a limited state of being like the present. Considered in a worldly point of view, can we picture to ourselves in the whole compass of nature a more darkly desolate condition, than age standing isolated from all happiness in its relations to man and life, blasted by calamities which it cannot avert, when all the past is a dreary blank, and nothing but emptiness can be gathered from the future? The glow of enthusiasm has fled; the dreams of delusive expectation have never been confirmed; the energies of life are gone; it is too late to hope any longer. In such an hour of solitary suffering, to what refuge shall the weary heart resolve to fly, from the pang of disappointment and of sadness? what possible aid can spring from any thing below, when all that ever charmed has departed, and only clouds and shadows are in prospect? To be stationary and motionless in feeling,

is not possible, because it is not in nature. when all motives of action cease, life falls as destitute of its only supports: we can exist only as connected by some tie of union with another; nor can ever submit to drag on a passive existence, while a world is moving around us. In the absence, therefore, of all present enjoyment, the mind will seek some resting-place from the storm of its own tempestuous emotions, in pleasures unlike all that unsanctified nature can imagine or desire. The brightest and most enrapturing visions of earthly felicity, can figure nothing of the beauty of those scenes to which the christian turns, disembodied in fancy from the complications of time and sense, and hovering round the borders of the heavenly world. There conflicting passions shall cease forever; the calamities that have cast all mortal objects into the shade, shall never enter there; and hope cannot darken the realms, where alone possession shall be complete. They whose sufferings are their single portion here, esteem it a privilege which words can

never buy, to throw this eager and continued glance beyond the tomb, and take a foretaste of the transports which God himself will give. When every bond that unites us below is cut away, there is no rest but in that final home, whither the desires of the regenerate soul are constantly tending: and however the illusions of earlier life may banish from the heart these meditations on that better state, its contemplation is all that age can fly to, in the loneliness of its own desolate seclusion.

Could man, before dark and inevitable necessity compelled him to seek for such consolation only in the closing scenes of life, realize the unequalled pleasures of a perpetual earnestness for heavenly enjoyments, the world would not be so deeply burdened with a succession of sorrows. The same confidence of hope, the same glow of intense desire, with which our affections are fixed upon something earthly in prospect, while our calculations are continually failing, if devoted to a higher and a holier

aim, would be founded on an assurance that could never be removed. But the infinite distance of the exclusive disciples of this world from all that is glorious in such a state of feeling, may be estimated by the continued vacillations even of those who on earth are the nearest to heaven. The fondness for life and all its objects is too strongly rooted in the breast, for a common influence to diminish or destroy. Our propensities to an attachment for the present existence, are also strengthened through our inadequate comprehension of the next. Could we see the grandeur of what awaits the believer in the abode of just and enraptured spirits, in the same manner as we might discover the insufficiency of the transient enjoyments we possess; could we catch, or even contemplate distinctly though in distance, one ray of that bliss which we in vain struggle to conceive; we should not strive so wildly ~~on the poor~~ after

~~suit of~~ imaginary grief, or lament
so sadly over temporary evil.

Q.

March 30. 1820.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 191.

Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!

Dante.

The beautiful episode from which the following lines have been translated, forms perhaps the most softly expressive picture in the Inferno of Dante. From the darkness of death and torment, the shrieks of damned souls, and the war of contending devils, this plaintive tale of love and sorrow brings us back to earth, and its attendant passions. The story of the ill-fated

attachment of Paulo and Francesca, the murderous jealousy of Lanciotto, brother of the one, and husband of the other, and the fate that followed the intrigues of the detected pair, afforded a subject adequate to the highest powers of pathetic narrative and description. The poet, wandering with the shade of Virgil through the infernal world, meets with the two guilty souls in the second circle, among the victims of lawless pleasure. At the request of Dante, they stop for a space to answer his inquiries; and Francesca relates the history of their impious commerce, in the name of herself and her associate.

PAULO and FRANCESCA.

FORTH from my guide, as such illustrious name
Of Knight and Lady sounded, wand'ring here
In joyless durance, pity like a mist
Came o'er me, as bewilder'd thus I spoke:
'Poet! with that fleet pair, before the wind

who speed or light together, I would join
that converse hold.' 'When nearer they approach,
Oft times directing passion,' he replied,
'invoke the gentle shades, and they will come.'
Their airy flight no sooner had the blast
Wing'd down, than I sigh'd in tremulous voice:
'Tormented spirits! if no power denies,
Deign some reply!' As doves, by rapt desire
Call'd, on their pinn-outstretch'd pinions, to the nest
Fly on sweet errand through the midway sky;
So, hurrying from the band'd crowd, and borne
On baleful darkness, at th' imploring sound
The lovers flew. 'Benignant pow!' she cried,
'Who, winding dubious through these livid shades,
Us deign'st to visit who the nether world
Have stain'd in blood; the Universal King
From prayer like ours turns heedless, or to heav'n
Its notes should rise, that peace might crown the spirit,
Where pity weeping for the wretched dwells.
Whate'er it please thee, speak: or if thou need'st
Intelligence, while briefly resting thus
The whirlwind slumbers, be it ours to tell.
Where the tir'd Po sweeps hurrying with his train
To join deep ocean, on a sea-bath'd shore
Thy sweet land rises. Love, whose subtle dart
Clings to each gentle breast, that spirit seized.
The form that once envelop'd me, entic'd
His quenchless ardor: for those vanish'd charms

Rage, but louder for the murderous grasp
That tore them from me — I receiv'd the flame —
Love, who forbids that passion to return
Which once we kindle, woke the fiery heat
To hell that follow'd, and that haunts me still.
One death we shar'd: and Cain's ravenous jaws
Thirst for the murder'd brother that did the deed.'
Such words came madd'ning: at the dolorous sound
My face, low bent with sorrow, downward fell.
'What musings' cried the sage, 'entrance thee now?'
'Ah me!' I murmur'd, 'what delicious thoughts,
What mutual passion, to this darkling shade
Their equal fortunes led! Tormented spirit!
Tears will may fall, for wretchedness like thine.
Yet tell me, when your common sighs began,
How sprung in each the knowledge of the flame
That burnt the other's heart?' 'No gloomier task,'
The trembling ghost replied, 'than in the hour
When hope is quench'd in sorrow, to recall
A brighter day — this knows thy teacher well.
But since to find the very earliest root
Of our strong love, such sympathy impels,
As one who weeps, but wears while the tale
That tears would finish, I will mourn and tell.
It chanc'd, for pastime, as alone we lay,
Launcelot's wooings, in the amorous page
We read together — while the storied lover
Went on, how frequent would the mantling blush,

and sparkling eye, responsive at the face
Dost conscious! Yet one passage only wrought
On hast'ning ruin: when the wished told
That such a lover, on the smiling mouth
Did the sweet kiss, he, undivided slave,
My lips all trembling, touch'd — and on the page
That day we look'd no further? — While the sigh'd
Their well-told woes, the other's plaintive shriek
In answer flew: — I could no more — life's spark
Had then nigh vanish'd; a dark shadow round
Hung dubious, and to earth, like doggish corse,
Sudden, with downward shock, my senseless body fell.

Q.

July 27. 1820.

THE

AERONAUT.

COL. COLL.
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No 192.

Ψυχῆς ἐν πλήμυρι δόξῃ. Aesch. Persa. v. 28.

The records of human philanthropy can furnish no example of ~~love~~ affection and heroism, like that of the faithful Missionary of Christ, on his pilgrimage through distant climes. There is no field of suffering like that which he is called to tread; his sacrifices are those to which it were vain to search a parallel; his motive is higher than

ed else, for it is drawn from the very fountain of that heavenly love, which passeth all understanding. The reward which awaits his journey of tribulation and tears, has nothing temporal, nothing present, nothing obvious to mortal sense. His hope and treasure lie hidden in a certain, but unknown state of being: and for these earth is accounted as nothing; the thousand charms of this world fade away; and, till the last repose comes, he must sit down and weep, like captive Israel, by the waters of a strange land.

It is not merely in the actual extent of physical endurance and privation, that the bitterness of this holy martyrdom consists; though the body has no small share in the encounter. It is into the spirit that the cup of sorrow is emptied to its dregs. The very absence from those endearments of social love which make all life's chiefest pleasure, were enough to intimidate the stoutest heart, were that

all that is certain ~~&~~ in the evils of this wilderness of existence. But there is besides a continued struggle with passions, strange and discordant; a contention with prejudices, obstinate and inveterate; a contact of mind without communion; ~~sympathy~~ an appeal to bosoms that answer no return. He who sets out like Xavier, Brainerd, and Swartz, to plant the standard of the gospel of truth, in those dry and thirsty lands where the wells of salvation have been never known; to break down the strong holds of the adversary's kingdom, in the very point and centre of his power; to crush the terrible bulwarks of a deep-rooted and complicated idolatry; to tear up the habits, the associations, the establishments of ages; meets that which none but those who feel it can ever know, and of which the most fiery trials in a Christian clime can afford no explanation. All that man suffers either of positive

or of negative evil, in a bond of common religion and reciprocal sympathy, is but the lighter or deeper shade of that cloud which is ever interposing between him, and the vision of his brightest hopes. The mist is not always hanging; whatever be the reasons of its intervention, they find either an interval or an end; and a pure, though short sunshine, will scatter the darkness away. But for him whom oceans and deserts separate from the chances of such a change, his grief is a long night, on which the day-spring can never arise. What arm of man shall hold him when he faints? What voice shall speak peace, when his weary spirit sinks? Who shall explain his doubts, comfort his fears, encourage his hopes? He stands single in creation's extended scene; he toils, but who can estimate his labour; he perishes, and who lays it to heart?

As the ~~wearied~~ wretched is made more

intense by the contrast of former experience, there will be degrees in the suffering of the individuals composing this newly born, proportioned to the sweetness of those enjoyments they have forever left behind. He who parts from the shores of his native inured to poverty and self-denial, enters the lists with a body more steeled against the keen sense of personal misery: he will not ache in the sudden void of luxuries untasted, and gratifications unsupplied; he will have passed through the difficult school of self-dependence; and his frame, in the new regimen, will feel a change, but not a fall. In the concerns also of mind, the uneducated adventurer will prove less anguish in the anticipation and ~~advance~~ ~~ment~~ ~~ment~~. of his future career. He will not see himself so desolate in the transit from an intellectual to an unintellectual atmosphere of

being: the thirst for literary enjoyments will not be forever drawing his affections back to the high communion of genius and of learning, in which he cannot hope again to participate. The alteration for him will be purely spiritual: he will pass from a world where heaven is all manifest, to a region of dubious twilight, or thick darkness; his solitude will be that of the pilgrim to a better country, without one companion to beguile the ruggedness of the road; his woes will be various, for they will be emanations from one source.

Who, then, shall assign the measure of that mixed draught of pain, which cultivated talent tastes in this untried waste of things? Here is the double struggle with the perversions of a Christian and a man: for there has been the two-fold refining hand of the worldly know-

ledge, and of that wisdom which cometh from above. Who shall count the tears of him who descends from the ~~luxuries~~ superfluities of high, or the comforts of middle life? He starts at a destitution which he never knew; at obstacles which no previous lessoning has taught him to surmount. He begins with all his sensibilities softened and alive; with his energies reluctant and unnerved; his alarms too sudden and frequent; his expectations too eager and unlimited. He will rush to the battle unprovided; experience only will be his preparation; and in the very turmoil of conflict he will learn the nature of that true armor of defence, which is to serve him in the hour of trial.

Among the foremost, nay, first of the foremost in the list of great as well as pure beings, who

have left all that they might gather in the desolate heathen to their Saviour's fold, stands one, the fourth edition of whose memoirs has already issued from the London press, and, we rejoice to find, a fifth on this side of the Atlantic. In an age of piety and learning, Henry Martyn may be regarded as one of the most cultivated scholars that ever graced the walls of a college, and one of the best and heavenliest spirits in the annals of Christian benevolence. The fellow-student of Richd White, like him he toiled in the labors of mind, and then cast his blushing honors at the foot of the cross. Like him, though not so soon, he sunk into an early grave: with a constitution somewhat stronger, a temperament more ardent, a mind more versatile and powerful, a faculty of acquisition more mighty and rapid, he made the interests of

his Master's Kingdom all his own; ~~left~~ threw behind him every fond vision of preferment in that illustrious Church in whose ranks he was enrolled; flew to the distant East; and after a race of learning and of love unparalleled in the records of Missionary exertion, poured out his exhausted spirit in the solitude of a Persian desert.

The life of this wonderful character is drawn up by Mr John Sargent, Jun., who, we have understood, is a Clergyman of the Church of England. He has followed the true method of all faithful biographers, ~~by suffering~~ to Martyn to speak for himself. In a journal which was never intermitted to the time of its author's death, and in occasional extracts from his correspondence, we are permitted to live with him through his short but splendid career; to penetrate the varied workings of his

heart; to join in the hard struggles of his nature; to follow the impetuous strides of his mind. It is in truth one of the most interesting of books: it has attracted universal attention in the land where talent and virtue always find their market; and if not suffered here to lie unheeded between avarice on the one hand, and indifference on the other, may yet carry the voice of heavenly peace to ears that never heard the sound.

It is impossible to peruse the memorials of a course like this, without a sublimity of feeling fresh at every burning page. And, indeed, where is the understanding so acute, the range of knowledge so extended, the piety so devoted, as to catch no inspiration from the effusions of such a man?

In very truth it is a question whether many such glowing spirits breathe upon this earth; but if so, they must draw new glory from so bright a centre of light. The Scholar will prove it, as he wanders with him through the groves of classical enchantment; the philosopher, as he leads with him through the wilds of metaphysical inquiry; the poet, as with him he drinks pure melody from the immortal streams; the painter, as with him he makes nature start on the canvass into second life; the musician, who wafts like him the heavenly harmony of sounds; the mathematician, as he winds with him through the mazes of subtle calculation; the Minister of Christ, as, like him, through this fretting and tempestuous scene, his affections are ever drawn longing to that peaceful home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the

weary are at rest.

Q.

January 30, 1821.

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 193.

QUIDNONIANA. NO.

— ἐν ἴυγξι πᾶσι μάδος γίγν.

Moschus. Idyl. 1. v. 6.

Of the salutary consequences which follow upon either the reading or the writing of poetical composition, I believe I never heard any but a dull man doubt. The language of true minstrelsy is that of mind in its highest elevation; and gives utterance to the feelings of a soul, lifted beyond earth and time, and moving in a pure world of its own creation. It has ever been

the expression of those stronger or finer ~~reason~~ passions, which ordinary life fails to present, and which therefore it were vain for common diction to attempt to tell. Who, in thought or with the pen, ever steps beyond the limit of the mere reasoning faculty, and wanders in that region where emotion mingles with its ~~theme~~ exercise power, without embodying his conceptions in forms which reason simply never could supply? Prose, in such circumstances, is in reality the true inspiration of poetry: and if any with this power have never written in the more regular language of verse, it is only because they shrunk from the trial.

When it was said that a relish for the enjoyments of poesy found in their benefit its true reward, the remark was intended equally to be applied to intellect and morals: for that advantage would be in truth but dubious, which sharpened the vizer of the first, only to tarnish the purity of the sec-

ond. Yet there is a felicitous combination in this exercise, of all that is excellent in both. The mind learns to classify its blended thoughts; to give point and edge to its effusion; to elevate what is vulgar; to make what is substantially beautiful brighter by its clothing. Now in such an employment, the heart in its aspirations is ever tending upward: for the images from whose harmonious union the minstrel weaves his song, are fed by an aliment of which, wherever it exists, this world may never lend a part. Hence the temperament of poetry is most generally also that of devotion: there is no boundary-line prescribed to the bard, in the vast travellings of his fancy; and the very uncertainties of an invisible state only rouse him to pry still deeper into its recesses. From these exer-

sive flights into a region where so much is imaginary, the soul must return exalted, chastened, and refined; and the poet, in all his fictions, become the better man.

Let me by no means, in what I have hinted, be understood as asserting, that high morality and poetic excellence are always inseparable, even in him whose bosom is enkindled with the brightest fire. So broad a proposition would well be narrowed by the damning truth, that some of the first on the records of their native art, have soonest yielded their passions to the dominion of appetite and lust, and suffered their intellect to run wanton in the most profligate infidelity. Yet it may safely be ventured, that the professional labors of these few exceptions to a common rule, were not only far from being the cause, but were in some

measure the preventive of so pestilent a disease. Was not the propensity of their earthly affections sometimes purified by this communion with loftier things? Did not the monitions of conscience strike a deeper sound, when the soul had quitted for a season these material scenes, and gone wandering through the world of spirits? Nay more, - does not the very inconsistency admitted to prevail between the life and writings of these gifted children of minstrelsy, seem in itself indicative of some high prerogative of the poet's melodious power, to abstract him in the moments of inspiration from the low contaminations of sense, and carry him nearer to his God?

From this wholesome tendency in the employments of poetic

talent, there will ~~be~~ most generally be found in its true disciples a strong sense of right, which aberrations of practical conduct may weaken, but cannot destroy. They many bards have been Christians too: and in others who could not reasonably claim that heavenly title as their own, we might infer something very nearly approaching it, from most which their pen has left behind them. The spirit within ~~them~~ spoke amid the visions of their immortal fancy, in a voice too strong to be resisted; and whatever they lived, when they wrote it might have was like men who felt, and wished to feel, that when this present has vanished away, there is a more enduring habitation to succeed. Those, therefore, and I am sure they are not many, who have sat down to

muse upon themes on which poets only delight to dwell, with a resolution to crush, as it rose, every memento of heavenly things; to quench the first feeble beams of that light which cometh from above; to stifle the convictions of a hope which is longing to be at rest; have something mixed in their compound of ~~their~~ character, which more than common depravity has formed. What may we say of the monstrous atrocity of him, whose own hand thus wraps in thick shadows the sources of his dearest pleasure? I know no apology that may serve to lessen the criminality of such strange perversion. It is the self-created blindness of a heart, too fond even for the ~~ordinary~~ common fellowship of man with man; and in the case of such utter deviation from the plain land-marks of truth, it might not seem unnat-

mal to conjecture with Dante, that the soul had ceased to tenant its body, and a devil had filled its place.

I have confined myself, in the above remarks, principally to poetry in its effects upon the moral qualities of its subject, because it was the more immediate intention of this essay to examine a wonderful anomaly in this respect, in the person of the master minstrel of the present day. To say in what manner Byron's mighty and cultivated genius has executed the labors to which he has devoted his life, were needless when himself has already told the tale. It were superfluous to tell, that he has given us the melody of verse in all its combinations of beauty; that he has touched every passion, which nature can command; that he has detected the most ~~varied and~~ secret workings of the human heart, in all its shifting

attitudes and shapes. But that with a wickedness of purpose co-equal with his mind, he has ever turned backward from the pure path to which his ~~own~~ better knowledge must so often have led him, will perhaps not be as readily admitted by those, who have been too soothed by the enchantment of his numbers, to know any thing of danger in the sound. But would it not be well to examine if beneath that treacherous guise, there lurks not something to which approach were better shunned than courted? There may happily be found running through the each enticing cadence even of this sweetest singer, that which would make shipwreck of every joy in this life, and every hope in another; which would cast man, bleak and bare, on the solitude of a gloomy disaffection to his kind; ~~misanthropy~~; teach him there is nothing human that

can quiet a restless heart, and nothing divine that can fill the void; lead him on by successive steps from the abandonment of one connecting link after another, that binds him to his Master and his fellow, and then leave him to trembling, doubt, and despair.

It is curious to observe, amid the ~~many~~ many-colored changes of circumstance and situation, in which this singular being has been found, how all eternal things have fallen to the same dead level in his view. The advancement of years seems to make only deeper the strong outlines of his original character: and it is one ~~sound~~ tone that speaks in the tameless Corsair, and the vengeful Giaour, and from the first to the last wandering of the unsatisfied, unsatisfying Harold. The storm which his own morbid temper awakes within his bosom, finds not a cessation, but a new exciting cause, in nature's soft.

est loveliness, in the choicest regions of modern art, and among the grander relics of days gone by. Every new stage of his journeyings is to him but the ~~movement~~ flitting passage of a spirit all centered in itself, borne like some shadow over a world, to which it feels no relation, and where it acts no part. The few transient gleamings of thought which come a little nearer to humanity in their shape and bearing, seem only intended to show with what ease he can at the next moment scatter them away, and laugh at the illusion which himself had formed. There is a cold and unmoved determination to take delight in nothing with which others may be pleased; to remain fixed in that narrow circle of existence which his own frigid philosophy has drawn. His very love is that of one who turns sporting while the fit is on him, and

makes one out of many the eccentric move-
ments which fill up the measure of
his days. And when it does appear,
it receives ample expiation in that
settled and bitter hate, by which it is ever
sure to be succeeded.

Amid these characteristics of
our noble author's mind and feeling,
which meet us at every effort of his
pen, there is yet a striking confirma-
tion of the remarks with which my
subject was commenced. In spite of
the deliberate training in which he
has disciplined his every thought and
affection, the exquisite melody of his
song will at times waft his spirit
to the contemplation of that divinity,
who first gifted him with a poet's
power. But it is as sudden in its
departure as its birth. Waking as
from the mockery of a dream, he cur-
ses the foible which had unmanned
the steady resolution of his soul;

and imputes the miseries of his own folly and guilt, to the absence or the errors of that providence in which he will not confide. The discontented melancholy ~~mad~~ of a heart that refuses to be at ease; that scorns to beg comfort from aught that its own resources cannot supply, and yet has nothing of its own that can succor it in its need; this is the chief burden of that finished strain, which, touched to a worthier note, might itself carry countless willing captives to the peace they are ~~the~~ yearning to find.

It has been often urged with a sort of spurious pity, that Byron's life has had its share of troubles; and that these have weighed so heavy in the balance of his being, as to drive him to those dark principles which his writings so constantly avow. But perhaps it would be better exactly to reverse the position, and say that

his principles have ever given the color to his fortune. ~~The~~ The accident of birth granted him what only a few out of the many can enjoy; and ~~what~~ it was his own to improve or mar those blessings which he found. His wretchedness has been uniformly of his own making; the misery of one who neither cared for others, nor would be cared for by them. But let us grant that his sufferings have been derived from sources which he could not control. Where, even in this case, is the excellence of that rule of action which his stubborn spirit has prescribed; and why, like some as unhappy but wiser lords, has he not learnt, amid all his knowledge, to know himself? Young's high ambition led him with dreams of pleasure through his earlier days; and when the pageant at which he grasped had vanished away, he found the vision of ~~heaven~~ eternity yet bright.

ter to his gage. Cowper's gentler mea-
sure tells us he was weary of a fleeting
world, not because he found no beauty
which could please him, but because
its discordant murmur grated too rough-
ly on the sensitive mood in which his
genius had been cast. His effort was
to brighten, not extinguish the light,
which that mood already possessed; and
his new insanity had more of heaven than of
earth in its materials. Milton, when
he could no longer look at nature, look-
ed a step further up to nature's God;
and applied those modes of pleasure which
he yet enjoyed, to thank the Author by
whose sufferance they remained. Byron
sees all through the distorted medium
of his own unsanctified affections; and
in the tempest which his emotions raise,
he alike turns alike loathing from the con-
solations of life, and shrinks at that
eternal sleep in which he would fain
impel himself to believe. His disease

is indeed that for which now nothing earthly can find a cure; and one so hardened in his own understandings, may not soon find a remedy above.

On the whole, then, we might sum up ~~the account~~, and say; that if we would see poetry in all its height, and depth, and strength; if we would find the accomplishments of a finished education revealed in one of the brightest of her sons; and genius and learning together proclaiming the triumphs of the human mind; we may have ~~every~~ thing united here. But these were better never known, than if with the sweet morsel we should swallow that poison of the soul, to whose bitterness there is no end.

Q.

New-Haven. April 7. 1821.

THE AERONAUT.

No. 194.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint!
VIRG.

We present our readers in this Number with a translation of that beautiful pezzo in the Seventh Canto of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,'- Erminia's Retreat. We deem it one of Tasso's happiest efforts; and shall only engage as to our version, that it shall not be as insipid as Hoole's.—

Nothing but love of old habits has

induced us to retain in the present attempt the standard measure of the heroic couplet - a very faithful hint in the last Number of the Quarterly Review, had almost roused us to quit the beaten track: but we defer our intention till some more convenient season; and such as our metre is, we give it - The grand defect of this number of syllables, is its inability to give the harmony and sense of the Italian ottava rima, with constant fidelity and truth - It is too long for one, and too short for two lines of it; so that either redundance or obscurity is in most cases unavoidable -

There is a regularly sustained chasteness of diction, a fulness of expression, and a truly classical simplicity of thought, each of which is irresistible, throughout the whole of this tender effusion - It breathes the spirit of nature, in its narration of unaffected love, and pastoral simplicity: and there is moreover no conceit to mar its language, to put us out of temper with its descriptions,

and drive all the charm of a possible reality from the picture.—

—

Erminia's Retreat.

MEANWHILE Erminia, by the charger led,
Through an old forest's leafy shadows fled;
Half living, and half dead, her course sustain'd,
Nor more her fluttering hand the steed restrain'd:
So many paths she turn'd, that out of sight
Both quite conveyed, 'twere vain to follow on their flight.
As the hounds panting from a tiresome chace
Sulky return, unable yet to trace
The game deep-hidden in some sheltering wood
From the smooth plain — in such ungracious mood,
Bursting with rage and shame, in weary plight,
Back speeds with visage fall'n each Christian Knight.
Still on she flies; nor timid turns to view
If yet the rearward keeps her track pursue:
Through all that night she fled, and the next day
Unguided, witless, kept her constant way:
Nought she beheld, and nought amid her fears
Heard, but her shriekings mingled with her tears;
Till, what time Phœbus from the golden rein
His steeds withdraws, and sinks into the main,
To Jordan's limpid wave the damsel came,
And on the bank's smooth margin stretch'd her frame:
Food she denies; on griefs alone will feed,
And only thirsts for tears: but in her need

Sleep, which to man when misery's arrow stings,
Composing rest with sweet oblivion brings,
Her pains and senses lull'd, and gently o'er
Each weary limb her placid pinions bore:
Still she but seems at peace; quick visions roll,
And love in every shape invades her soul.
She doz'd, till wafted to her ears were borne
The songster's joyous note that greets the morn,
The murmuring rivulet, the rustling bowers,
And Zephyr sporting with the waves and flowers.
She lifts her languid eyes - and looks each way
That lonely home of shepherds to survey;
When seems a voice to speak; which calls once more
Of sobs and flowing tears the fruitful store.
Amid the maid's lament, a clear sound floats,
And breaks her sighs: a shepherd's are the notes,
Join'd with the woodland pipe: gently she goes
To where that melody's soft cadence rose;
In the mild shade a reverend form she spied,
Entwining wicker-work his flock beside;
And while his hands the steady task prolong,
Three youths, to soothe his labor, pour the song.
The unaccustom'd arms, so sudden seen
Terror infus'd - but soon with gentle mien
Erminia made address; beam'd her soft look,
And her gold ringlets from their bandage shook:
'Your pleasing cares, thrice happy band!' she cries,
'Still, still pursue, ye favored of the skies!
Not come these arms, on murderous message bent,
Your songs to hush, your labors to prevent.
Yet Father, say, - how, in this placid ground,
When war's aspiring flames are kindling round,

Has fear of soldier wrongs no dwelling found?'
'Son,' he replied, 'no outrage this domain,
No trespass yet has ventured to profane:
Nor Mars, with note confus'd, reach'd this sequester'd plain.
I know not if kind heaven indulgent spares
The lowly innocence of shepherd's cares;
Or, as the thunderbolt more seldom lights 63
On the deep field, but scathes the mountain heights,–
So foreign swords their thirsting fury wreak
On royal heads – nor hither, spoils to seek,
Soldiers intent on gain, with hand impure,
Can our neglected poverty allure:
Neglected? yes, by others – dear to me,–
More dear than sceptred wealth can ever be –
Nor does ambition's wish, or love of gain,
In this untroubled breast its home maintain:
In the clear wave my thirst I stoop to slake,
And fear no poison scatter'd on the lake;
While unbought portion for my frugal board,
This flock, this little ground, by turns afford.
Few are our wants; and small the stock we need
To nourish life: behold my sons,– they lead
The herd to pasture; and no slaves surround
My peaceful threshold, or protect my ground.
So live I lonely; watching with delight
The goat and stag run nimble in my sight,
The bird to heaven expand its feathery pride,
And sportive fishes through the streamlet glide.
Time was,– that season when man's opening hour
Still plays the child,– that other things had power

To wake desire: this pasture counted mean,
I fled my natal plains for other scene:
Where regal Memphis spreads her palace walls,
amid the ministers that fill'd its halls
I too was plac'd; the gardens all my care,-
Yet courtly wiles I saw, and prov'd them there.
Rash hope allur'd me; long vexatious time
Endur'd I; but when pass'd my flowering prime,
and with it courage fail'd, and hope grew cold,
I mourn'd my vanish'd peace, my tranquil fold.
Adieu, ye courts! I cried,- these friendly shades
Returning found, and pleasure with my glades.'
As thus he spake, on the sweet mouth intent
Erminia calmly hung: such reasoning sent
Peace through her stormy senses, and sunk deep:
Some pause she made - determined then to keep,
Till Fortune smoothed her steps another way,
Within that secret vale her pastial stay.
'More, happy child, but who thyself,' she cries,
'Evil hast only known, let pity rise,
If not so favored bounteous heaven permit,
For all my woes, which pity well befit.
Here in this grateful shade I fain would be,
and live a common habitant with thee.
Haply, these groves among, I soon may part
With half the mortal weight that binds my heart -
If gold or gems, those gods the mob adores,
Could move thy wishes, I have ample stores.'
She spoke - and from her eye grief's chrystal tear
Let beauteous fall; then sobb'd into his ear
Part of her many woes; and in reply
The pitying shepherd wept, and answered sigh for sigh.

Then sweetly soothed her; and with glowing zeal
The sire enkindled, such as fathers feel -
And to his ancient partner points her road,
Of kindred soul possess'd, by heav'n bestowed.-
The maid in rustic spoils equips her now,
And binds the peasant's fillet on her brow:
But her eye's motion, and her agile mien,
Bespeak no native of that woodland scene;
The noble light no shaggy robe can hide,
And every varying shade of grace and pride:
While in each action, to its honors true,
Still kingly majesty shines glittering through.
With the rough wand her guiding fingers hold,
She leads the flock, then turns them to the fold,-
From the rough paps extracts the milky stream,
And in the circling vessel churns the cream.
Oft, as in summer heats the sheep reclin'd
In the calm shade, refreshing coolness find,
Her hands on spreading beech, or laurel bark,
In thousand shapes the well-known letters mark;
And the hard fate her hapless loves that crown'd
She cuts on thousand shrubs that flourish round -
Then, her own figures frequent as she views,
With beauty's choicest tears her cheek bedews:
And weeping cries - 'This mournful tale convey'd
Ye generous plants preserve! In your kind shade,
Should e'er one constant lover dwelling make,
Such varied griefs as mine may pity wake -
For impious recompence, he chance may cry,
Gave Love and Fortune to such constancy!
Perchance some future day, if e'er by heaven

To mortal's earnest prayers assent be given,
Far as these woods that form may sometimes fly,
Which now too little heeds my hopeless sigh:
May see this brittle frame lie buried low,
And of brief sobs and tears the tardy meed bestow.
Though through life's hour with misery's pangs oppress,
At least in death the spirit may be blest:
And these cold ashes, when their flames have died,
Enjoy what kindless fate on earth denied? 158

Tasso, in this little piece, has drawn pretty copiously, as the reader has doubtless perceived, from the stores of ancient poetry: and perhaps Virgil, on the present occasion, has contributed the largest share. The imitation, however, of Horace's Ode X. Book II, in line 63, is too striking to pass unobserved. But by the operation of transplanting, these beauties of classic antiquity lose nothing in Italian hands: and adorned with new lustre and fresh life, they have successively passed ~~through~~ from this second ground into the soil of good old English poetry, - of

Milton and of Spenser, - in days when our verse had equal richness, and greater strength.-

The Italian, like other poets of climates, like to borrow occasionally from one another: and we rather suspect that some intercourse between Tasso's genius and Petrarch's 27th Canzone, engendered the last ten lines of the present pathetic tale.-

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Our paper is not quite filled; and we subjoin, because we have nothing better, the following abortion of Catullus.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

Your horned eyes, my dearest youth,
If any one will let me kiss,
I'll take three hundred thousand, sooth,
Nor then shall I be full of bliss:
Not if our kissing-crop, sweet-born!
Be thicker than dry cobs of corn.-

Q.

January 18, 1822.-

THE

AERONAUT.

No. 195.

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

Hom. Odyss. L. I. v. 3.

To the Editors of the Aronaut -

Gentlemen,

One of your warmest admirers and your most constant readers, deems it expedient by this communication to inform you, that he has been diversifying the monotony of an uncommonly hot summer, by an excursion into the Northern regions of that redoubtable State, of which you claim the honor of being natives. I should not at this time, however, have sallied forth from the humble corner which I have hith-

erto filled, of a simple reader of your useful periodical, were it not that substantial reasons had persuaded me to the contrary. The narrative of a few facts, whatever be their intrinsic value, is never without its utility. Hapley the present recital may present some old information in fresh modes; perhaps there may be much that is new; and my intention, moreover, in troubling you on this occasion, is not to give a formal catalogue of events and circumstances as they passed in regular succession, as if for the purpose of shewing you that I too like my neighbors have seen something, and like them also can tell what I have seen. My object is to pass mine hour of agreeable recollections, in committing to paper the record of former entertainment. I shall give nothing but the naked truth; and that truth shall be utter'd in an easy style without artifice of declamation, or pomp of dress. And if what amuses

me, can at the same instant amuse others, the result of ~~my~~ a few weeks' experience is most sincerely at your service.

Be it known, then, that on Tuesday, the 30th of July last, being in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty two, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I set out from the city of Newyork on board the Steam-boat Firefly, on a tour to the Falls of Niagara. You know my own order, and my companions were two youths looking forward to the same destiny which I have attained, to which however at present they have neither by right or courtesy any claim or title. Suffice it to say, that they were sober enough to keep decent company with any man of steady habits, and a straight conscience: and combined in themselves all the requisites for my entertainment and convenience; for one of them had been over all of old Europe from St. Petersburg to Rome, and was thereby become a tolerable manager

of road details; and the other, in addition to other good qualities which he inherited from his forefathers, was rich in a store of incessant and inexhaustible anecdote. Thus guarded, Gentlemen, you may imagine I began the journey with no unpromising convoy for my future possible emergencies. The boat pushed from the dock at the appointed hour - the passage up the Hudson was agreeable - and at 1, on the afternoon of the next day, we found ourselves safely landed in the good old shire of Albany. The period was a considerable relief; for even sailing on a pleasant stream, and on a sunny day, when it has been prolonged for more than a very brief season, may in process of time become ~~disagreeable~~ intolerable. And so, I can assure you; I found it to my heart's content to be..

I have omitted any enlargement upon what passed, and what was seen, during

the voyage up the river. Its scenery is what all know, and which therefore it would be supererogatory labor to describe: and there were no incidents which may deserve the honor of a recital. To proceed then as I last finished. Arriving at the above time at Albany, we advanced in solid column up to Skinner's Hotel in Pearl Street, attended by a rear-guard of barrow-men and stage-drivers, - some conveying our baggage to its temporary destination, and others importuning us to secure ourselves with seats in their respective accommodation-coaches for the western turn-pike. We stepped into the inn; and having there settled all necessary preparations for our route to Utica, started from the city at 4 o'clock in an easy and swift conveyance. Previously, however, to getting the wheels fairly off the stones of State-Street, we had the disagreeable necessity of finding the carriage incommoded with two milliner-girls of awkward deportment, and singular outward conformation; and in addition these, by two impudent young boors who seemed natives of those parts, one with a squint eye perpetually quavering over his countenance, and the other well charged with inebriating

liquors. Having, however, before quitting our several places of habitation, resolved to endure all things with stoical complacency, whatever they might be, we shut ourselves closely up in the mantle of an obstinate silence, and kept all parties at a respectful distance. The drunkard asked me if I came from the State of Jersey? "No, Sir", said I. "How does business come on in York", says the other. "I cannot tell"; was my reply. "Why, don't you live in York?" "Yes - but I know nothing about its business." So went on, by brief intervals, our mutual parlance - and this occasional question and answer was now and then interrupted by a cross-fire from the ladies in the hindermost-seat, on topics of which they presumed we might happen to be informed. This was no very engaging mode of diverting our attention during the afternoons ride, from the miserable specimens which nature presented to our observation in these quarters. The whole road between Albany and the city of Schenectady, to which we were journeying, was, without the exception of

a single inch, a sandy passage through a swamp of pines; and these very pines on a large extent of the way, were shorn of what beauty they might originally have possessed, by a fire which some years back had desolated the forest, and left nothing but the naked stumps to decorate the spot. our grievances did not terminate here; for no rain having for some days fallen, the dust rose in clouds above and around us: and altogether a more sickening prospect I never made in any ~~of those~~ regions through which my destiny has led me. We rode in this condition till the hour of sun-down, which brought us at the end of 15 miles to the old and respectable town, or rather city of Schenectady. An hour's labor was scarcely sufficient to disencumber ourselves of the sandy load which our garments had gathered; we descended after this operation, took a dish of comfortable hyson, and sallied forth in quest of discoveries.

This ancient settlement of Hollanders had given us, it must be acknowledged, on our first entrance, no very favorable impression of its appearance, in point either of beauty or of regularity. The street into which the turn-pike leads at the commencement of the town, may be imag-

ined to an idea, by simply bringing to your recollections the main street of that repository of old houses, and rough stones, ycleept Brooklyn, on the opposite shores of your East river: and is as remote from every classic pretension, as the poles are distant asunder. But a farther survey agreeably disappointed our expectations. The streets are regular, and some of them wide; and the round rough stones with which it is said the side-pavements were within the memory of its youngest inhabitants covered, have been substituted bricks and flags, pleasy to the head, and neat for an abode of Dutchmen. The new college we had not time to examine: merely catching a glimpse of it as we approached the city, we discovered it to be on an eminence at some distance from our place of stoppage, and deferred our enquiries till some more convenient season. Passing along through one of the principal streets, we espied the building which was formerly the university hall, but which is now turned into the court-house and gaol of the county. It is much unlike its ancient appearance, if the account of the citizens speaks truth: for instead of

the grove of trees with which it was once surrounded, the light of the moon gave us to see nothing but bare walls, and a stony, neglected court-yard. So passes this world, and all the things of it: and some former resident of this violated dwelling will haply, as he passes one future day by the scene of his youthful labors, heave a sigh over so foul an overthrow of his best and proudest associations.

After visiting the Rector of the Church, whom to the shame of his own table, and of that of his parish, we found occupying one small room as a study, with a slight paper partition raised in it, behind which we heard the cries of a new-born infant of which his wife had just been delivered, we adjourned to the hotel, and retired to rest. The stage was to leave town the next morning at 3 o'clock: bed was therefore the place whither policy as well as inclination directed us. But hard and uncertain is the lot of man. We had scarcely fallen into the embraces of a sweet and tranquil sleep, before a sound as unexpected as unseasonable roused each one of us with a simultaneous alarm. On listening, however, we were sufficiently compensated for a short interrup-

tion of our slumbers. The sweetest and most scientific of musical harmony broke upon our ears through the soft summer air. We conjectured that it was the last farewell serenade of some gownsmen on the eve of their departure; for a commencement had a few days before closed the college term. Whencesoever the concord came, it was beyond expression delightful. Two flutes, of which one was an octave, kept up, for the space of an hour and a half, a regular succession of the finest duetts, with difficult and well-managed variations: and the last note these welcome instruments uttered, was the only one which we could not forgive.

At the hour aforesaid, on Thursday morning, we took our places in the stage, and set off by the glimmering star-light. Our ~~stage~~ company from the city consisted of a gentleman of considerable information, and of equal talent, whom by some means or other we afterwards discovered to pass by the name of Miller; and of two young bloods on their way to the Falls and to Quebec. It was some time before day-break permitted us to take a satisfactory survey of the country through which we were travelling. Af-

ter stopping at the village of Amsterdam, and there attempting to breakfast, (for a breakfast at half past five is not the most alluring) this annoyance to our journey was removed; and the sun rose in all his splendor from the eastern hills behind us. The thick fogs were gradually dissipated; and the full beams opened to us a prospect of real beauty. Our course lay in a westerly direction along the Valley of the Mohawk, on the north side of the river: and to our right a succession of hilly grounds and forests constantly accompanied our way. The flats along the banks of the stream, on either side, were composed of perhaps the richest and most cultivated soil which the State contains; and afford every variety of convenience and of situation that a rural enthusiast would desire. There are, however, but few seats of gentlemen of landed property to be met with in these shores; the farms being for the most part possessed by plain yeomen of comfortable, but not affluent condition. A ride of about 8 miles from Amsterdam brought us to the small and pleasant village of Caughnawaga, distant 23 miles from Schenectady. There is nothing worthy of remark about this place, which is much like all others of the same size. The scenery we

met with hence to the town of Palatine, was exactly similar to that through which we had passed after leaving Amsterdam; except that the meanderings of the Mohawk gave an occasional variety to the appearance of the lands upon its margin. The fertility and cultivation was attractive on every foot of the ground over which we journeyed; and from Palatine, which stands upon a gentle declivity, the view is equally interesting whichever way the eye can turn. Ten miles from this place stands the village of Manheim, if one house or two and a bar-room constitute a village; for no more than these was visible here. And it may not be amiss in passing to lament the immense number of common, filthy lounging places, scattered along the sides of the great western road, at every point where the stage makes five minutes' stop to water the horses. The lazy, loitering habits, which these repositories of liquor generate, are fearful enough in their extent, in other regions besides the crowded towns; and the eye can scarce take a single glance into the interior of the buildings devoted to this abominable purpose, without meeting with some object of disgust in one corner or the other. Here men meet together, whom chance or want of regular employment

place within the reach of temptation, for the purpose of giving a full swing to idle and vulgar curiosity, backbiting all their fellows, and opening their mouths to the bait of every political mad-cap declaimer, that prowls about the country on his errand of confusion and malignity. We saw enough of this wretched evil to make up a thunder within us; the kind fates deliver us forever from its effects! ~~a speedy repetition~~

The scenery presented the same beautiful aspect as usual on the road from Manheim to Little Falls, at which place we arrived in time for dinner. This is about 10 miles distant from Manheim; and in its wild situation ~~and rugged~~ rocky and romantic formed a striking contrast to the country through which we had hitherto passed. It takes its name from a cataract about 1/2 a mile distant from the village, which makes a gradual descent of considerable violence down a ~~rugged~~ bed; but the length of which we were not able exactly to ascertain. You are surrounded on all sides by immense masses of rock, between which the Mohawk rushes ~~on~~ its precipitate course: and from the chasms which are every where visible in the immense cliffs, you would imagine that some convulsion of nature had reduced them to their present singular position. It is in this place that the great Western Canal

begins: not having as yet been carried any farther to the eastward. The houses are but few, and in the appearance of them there is nothing remarkable. Having here satisfied ourselves with a hearty meal, we proceeded along the turnpike on our regular route: and in the aspect of the surrounding country a considerable change was now presented to us. The valley of the Mohawk widened considerably, and the expansive scene on the left was continually affording new objects to the eye, with hill and dale clothed in the richest luxuriance. The eminence over which our road passed, rose to a much loftier height than that on which we had travelled the preceding part of the day: and on this account the grandeur on all sides was materially increased. The hills on our right hand were here, as before, for the most part barren, and covered with thick forests of pine, maple, and hemlock: which want of cultivation may chiefly be accounted for by the stony and rugged nature of the soil in that direction. Amidst this interesting tract of country, the village which most attracted our attention, was Herkimer, in the county of the same name, and about 7 miles beyond Little Falls. It stands on an eminence commanding an extensive and various prospect; and West Canada Creek is about half a mile dis-

tant from the town, and is crossed by a neatly constructed bridge. Six miles beyond Herkimer lies the small village of Schuyler; and a ride of eight miles beyond the latter place brought us to the end of Thursday's journey, up to the steps of the Utica stage-house, about 6 o'clock in the evening, with a waggon-load of dust on our backs, and a sharp appetite rising from our stomachs.

Nothing material occurred during the journey from Schenectady to Utica, save that the wrath of a republican shop-keeper of Delphi was enkindled to no small degree, by a protestation against the infidelity and pernicious principles of Thomas Jefferson, entered up by word of mouth of one of my travelling associates. The remarks was not addressed to this plebeian; but in our happy country all are politicians, and he seemed to burn with a generous indignation at this direct impeachment of his own opinions. He made no observation; but turned a look of lightning round into my face as soon as my companion had finished, as if for the purpose of demanding from me a refutation of the calumny. I however not only smiled a smile of approbation, but added that to say of any man that he was an unbeliever, was saying amply sufficient, and superseded the necessity of any stronger charge.

finding that I chimed in with the last speaker's affeveration, and none in the stage taking up the contest, he turned his back upon all three of us with ineffable contempt, and never addressed a syllable to us afterward. Happily this ~~revolutionary, philos-~~ cynosarus and ~~offspring~~ braggadocia, left us in the evening: and to look at his face again on the realms of earth, we cannot declare that we have any very anxious desire.

A good supper, a good washing, and a good shaving, equipped us completely for a walk round the streets of Utica. Leaving in the inn ~~the com-~~ pany of Thomas Addis Emmet, and his daughter, whose company we joined not, because we did not happen to know them, we went out for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity: and this was amply rewarded before our return. The town is of considerable extent, and stands on high ground upon the southern side of the Mohawk: and has every appearance of a growing and busy settlement. Proceeding up one of the principal streets, the first object of importance which commanded our attention, was a part of the great canal which passes through one extremity of the town; and gives a picturesque appearance to that quarter through which

it was. On a further survey of the place, it presented a goodly array of neat stores, and elegant private dwellings; and in the article of churches is certainly well provided, among which the Catholic ~~church~~ on the skirts of the village presents a singular appearance in the decorations of its cupola, and the gilt with which it is covered. Loitering thus from object to object, and being overwhelmed with the melancholy reflection that we were at the distance of 260 miles, or thereabouts, from our respective habitations on the good old Hudson stream, we determined to pass away some portion of our existence in making a call on the Rector of the parish, with whom two of us happened to be acquainted. Unluckily, or the contrary, just as you will have it, he was gone across to Sackett's Harbor; but had left his house in the keeping of the wife whom he had lately espoused, and of a good old maiden sister, both of whom were standing on the stoop just ready for an evening's ramble, when we halted at the door of the parsonage. Enquiring for the gentleman whom we wished particularly to see, and having the above mentioned information as to his departure

~~conveyed~~ to us in answer, I took a card from my pocket, and at the same signified to her my name and residence. "Ah!" replied she - "I presume, ~~then~~ you are the Rev. Mr ~~Goodenough~~?" to which I answered in the affirmative, and all three of us thereupon received a pressing invitation to ~~walk in~~ enter. We passed an agreeable half hour in discoursing on men and things, and continued to agree on most points in the progress of conversation; except that one of my comrades excited some spirited battle from the ladies, by affirming that ~~ladies~~ women of thirty years of age were most generally selected by the clergy for helpmeets to their pilgrimage, because their characters were by that time ~~settled~~ settled. We had each of us also a sharp contest with them, on the subject of a learned ministry: in which they managed by some means or other to arrive at the ~~strange~~ profound position, that a man in orders should without fail have a good store of reading, and be a polite scholar; but that Greek was not absolutely necessary, nor a qualification immediately to be looked for. A mere catch of this final observation was enough: we had taken our claret and water; and having therefore nothing any further to wait for, we bid an adieu

to the mansion and its good-natured inhabitants, praying inwardly with one consent that it might never be the fate of our public harangues, to be praised by old women and children. With this reflection we went to bed.

Five in the morning, on Friday the second day of August, found us again seated in the stage-coach, and travelling on the high road to the village of Auburn, which was to be our place of resting for the coming night. Having, as we hinted before, dropped from our company the Jeffersonian partizan, we took in a young physician who seemed to be a sort of off-shoot of Quakerism, who was travelling with a girl, apparently his sister, to Painsville in the State of Ohio. In addition to these was also a woman of about three and thirty, whom whence coming and whither going, we never managed by any hint of hers to discover: for in spite of every effort of politeness and common courtesy to draw forth from her a social conversation, she preserved a rigid and unalterable silence, save now and then an expression or two thrown out in that peculiar style, in which disappointed old maids vent their spleen against the world which has neglected them. One or two of the more humorously disposed of our company endeav-

ored by taking their seats along side of her when the stage made a change of horses, to prevail upon her to relax from her starched buckram of demeanor; but their unlucky attempts, instead of succeeding according to their wishes, only drew down upon themselves the laugh of the whole assembly. Upon the whole, it is best to let every member of the human family, whether of one temperament or the other, quietly follow that mode of action which to him or her may seem most convenient. Cuique suus art: which being interpreted meaneth, that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; and whoever attempts to turn the tide, will find himself most woefully in the vocative in the end.

Driving along post haste through the villages of New Hartford and Westmoreland, we arrived in the course of time at our breakfasting inn in the town of Vernon, distant from Utica seventeen miles. The meal occupied but a brief space; and remounting our conveyance, we proceeded on our journey with hilarity and speed. The appearance of the country was here completely changed from its former verdure and variety; and for the

whole of the distance between Utica and Auburn the road passes over a constant succession of long and difficult hilly grounds. This scenery was however possessed of considerable interest, in its very monotony; and there was a novelty and a sublimity to our eyes in the thick, and lowering forests, through which the path-way for many miles conducted us onward. In the course of the morning's ride, our eye was suddenly attracted to the left by a small neat edifice of wood, surmounted by a well-proportioned spire. The building stood upon a gentle rising ground, in as romantic a spot as devotion might possibly have selected for the worship of its ruling divinity: and the dark woods that surrounded on every side this consecrated steeple, formed a striking contrast to the simple beauty of its elevation. We learnt on inquiry that this was an episcopal chapel, devoted to the instruction of a remnant of the Oneida Indians, which inhabits a territory of its own in these parts. The services, of whatever kind they be, are performed in the Mohawk language: and if they do nothing else than remove these children of the desert from the complaints of idleness and intemperance which their civilized neighbour have introduced among them,

and reduce them to some measure of order in the habits of their life, they effect something that rewards the labor of missionary duty. What progress a true knowledge of Christianity has as yet made among them, I am not at present able to say. We passed through the settlement of these shaggy savages, which bears the name of Oneida Castle, from a fort which formerly was erected in the neighborhood, but which is now no longer visible. The Indians had, generally speaking, a filthy, melancholy, lounging appearance; and multitudes of boys and girls ran begging for money along side of our carriage, for the space of a mile and upwards. It was no charity to gratify them: my comrades, therefore, and myself, reserved the contents of our purses for better and more needful emergencies.—

Nine miles from Vernon lies the village of Sullivan; and twelve beyond this a cluster of houses situated in a deep and romantic valley, which bears the classical appellation of Manlius. Somewhere between Vernon and this place, but exactly where I cannot call to my memory, we had a fine glimpse of the Oneida Lake through the foliage of the

forests on our right. It was but a glimpse, but formed no small relief to the barren nakedness of the scenery, upon which our eyes had previously rested this day. Nothing occurred, and nothing was seen, of particular consequence, between Manlius, and the village of Onondaga, where we made a short pause to discuss a dinner prepared at the hotel for our reception. This place is divided into the two parts of the Upper and the Lower Onondaga; the first-named, at which we stopped, being on the summit of a steep mountain, the other in the valley at its base. A resting of about half an hour sufficed to afford us the refreshment of a hearty meal, and the privilege of hearing a knot of tavern gossips relate the long chronicle of hail and thunder-storms, with which they had been visited since the remotest time to which their recollections extended. The appearance of a cloud had suggested to them this ordinary topic: but we were forced to cut short their narrative just in the centre, by the call of the stage-driver from his box, and proceeded on our route as usual; only that we were here separated with much reluctance from our travelling friend Mr Miller, the loss of whose company we afterwards

found ample reason to regret. Endeavoring nevertheless to make the best of our situation, we advanced by regular stages till six in the evening, which brought us to a spot within 8 miles of Albany, the most interesting without exception we had witnessed since leaving Albany. This was no other than Shaneatlas Lake, a fine sheet of water of about 15 miles in length, eight miles of which were visible to us from the small village at which we stopped. On approaching the ~~small~~ collection of houses which form the hamlet, the road suddenly makes a turn to the right, and presents a view of the broad expanse of water spreading below, to which you make a rapid descent by a high ground of about a quarter of a mile in extent, crowned with villas of ~~gentlemen~~ elegant architecture, and covered with a deep shade of trees on each side of the winding path. The outlet of the Lake is that part which washes the shore of this little retreat: and to him who wished to find, after the tumults of a long and busy life, some tranquil habitation where he might finish his journey unmolested, I would most heartily recommend ~~[illegible]~~ to bend his steps hither. It is, with-

out any exaggeration, fit to be entitled the garden of the western regions of our happy state.

A brief survey was all that we could take: and at the word of command we restepped into the vehicle from which we had descended during the changing of the mail-bag. It was about eight o'clock that we arrived in the village of Auburn, which was to be the termination of this day's ride. The moonlight was favorable to a partial survey of the place itself, and its surrounding scenery. The only object however on which it will be worth bestowing the pains of any record at present, is the State Prison; which stands at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the main street, on the north side of the village. We could only perceive its outline; but from what could be distinguished, we found it to consist of a fine central building, with a wing on either side. It is of grey stone, and surrounded on all sides by a high and massive wall; and on the edges of the roof are square battlements of considerable strength, but apparently intended more for ornament than use. On the topmost height of the cupola is the figure of a soldier, armed with cartridge-box, musket, and cap; which

circumstance gave rise to much profound discussion, owing to a diversity of opinion whether the object of our admiration was animate or inanimate. The stationary position, however, which this son of Mars maintained upon his lonely watch-tower, led us to conclude that he was but a lifeless effigy, placed up partly as a sign of what purpose the walls beneath him were intended to prefix, and partly as a warning to all countrymen, vagabonds, and rogues, to keep out of the clutches of justice while they might, and follow soberness and honesty. Beneath the pale light of the evening he certainly presented a most determinate front; and I have no doubt has been, since his first elevation to the eminence which he holds, the source of as many dark tales and wizard fancies as any goblin or fairy of castle, wood, and lake, in all the annals of spiritual history to the surrounding ignobile vulgus; so that living or dead, he does his portion of good upon this earth, and as such has a claim upon its veneration.

Returning backward to the hotel from this brief survey, we held some useful discourse with the landlord as to the country through which

we were to pass on the morrow's ride; and after ~~when he~~
all the information we wanted had been obtained,
retired to enjoy a comfortable lodging under the
sheets and quilting. A sound sleep prepared us for
our coming journey from Auburn to Canandaigua,
which was to form our next stage; and on Saturd-
day morning, the 3d instant, at the good and
healthful hour of five, the wheels of the carriage
were in motion. The road ran now over a
more even ground; and the farmed fields on either side,
though presenting nothing like the cultivation vis-
ible between Schenectady and Utica, were on the
whole in excellent condition. At the end of nine
miles, we found ourselves in our breakfasting house
upon the borders of the Cayuga Lake; at the
outlet of which, immediately opposite the village,
a fine bridge crosses the water of a mile and 3/4 in
length. In traversing this, ~~the view was attractive~~
as the eye looked along the smooth surface, and
to the banks of thick woodland and sloping declivities,
though there was nothing particularly novel, yet the
view was interesting, and on a large scale.
There is a considerable variety of finny inhab-
itants in the lake; and several rustic anglers
were suspending their lines from the arches of the

bridge, as the vehicle in which we sat passed onward to its destination. Fourteen miles from Cayuga brought us to the flourishing village of Geneva; between which and the former place nothing is of any consequence to be mentioned, except the village, or rather hamlet of Waterloo, which has started up as by a magic growth within the period of a few years past. A pretty cunning Yankee merchant, however, has since informed me, that its decline is already commencing; and that Elisha Williams, who was chief manager in the whole business of its settlement, begins to find that he will have a bad bargain for his trouble. It has but a few houses, and the situation is not remarkable; and is subject, as one of the tavern-loungers told me, to a constant epidemic of the fever and ague. What will be the fate of the place, or how soon that fate will happen, it is not my wish or my province to conjecture: its name is a noble one, and its duration should, if possible, bear some resemblance.

Of Geneva, I had heard much: and upon our arrival there, as to the situation I confess I was not greatly disappointed; though

that part of the Seneca Lake upon which the village stands, appeared much inferior to the scenery of the lakes which we have described to you in the foregoing pages of my journal. But the place itself, as to the major part of it, despite of the interest which its trading prosperity gives to it, is a filthy, clumsy, and irregular an assemblage of buildings, as may be found in any portion of the western quarters of the State. There is a court-house, and there are some churches, of which I did not take a particular survey: but the edifice erected for classical and theological uses under the direction of the Episcopal convention of the New York diocese, is more like a receptacle for convicts, than the residence of professional gentlemen. Perhaps the intent in the construction of those unwieldy stone walls, was to lure the boors of the west by an ~~ostensible~~ ostensible exhibition how far necessary wants might be supplied, and decency at the same time be most foully violated. If such was indeed the bait contemplated by ~~that~~ their cunning designers, they have succeeded to all admiration: but never let them presume, after so lamentable a display, to claim the common elements of taste as part of their lawful character. There has been much disputing and much heart-

burning, as I am told, about the propriety of this rural institution: And from all that I have gathered from contending doctors on the subject, I am inclined to think that if the school and school-house were both in the bottom of the lake, the Church and mankind would not fare badly for the loss. But each to his own vocation: I have no desire to make myself an intermeddler in other people's business.

A few moments only were spent in looking at the village of Geneva; and a progress of some fifteen miles, how much over or under I cannot precisely say, brought us to the flourishing and beautiful settlement of Canandaigua. Immediately before you enter the place, the road winds along the edge of the lake from which it derives its name; and which presents an elegant surface, though the scenery of the banks has nothing particular to recommend it to the notice of a traveller. Ascending an eminence, the village appears upon its summit: and I must say, that for beauty and regularity of structure and plan, I have seen nothing like it since

my departure. It is distant about 210 miles from the city of Albany; and from its appearance, I should judge it to be the residence of thriving landed gentlemen, who, owning estates in the surrounding regions, make this the head-quarters of their families and their pleasure. In an open square some distance up the town, stands the court-house; and immediately adjoining this the stage-house for the accommodation of the western travellers. The private dwellings are neat for the most part, and some of them are elegant; particularly the residence of a gentleman by the name of Grainger, who, from some conversation dropped in the stage as I afterward left the village, is a sort of nabob in this distant world. The Episcopal church disappointed me; for my expectations had been raised by the flourishing embellishment which adorns the outside cover of the Christian journal. It is of wood, and built in the gothic style: but the general effect is mean and contemptible. The interior is particularly plain: and upon the whole I cannot say that the building reflects much credit upon the original designers. The presbyterian

meeting-house, whatever be the merits of its weekly visitors, is infinitely superior in elegance of construction; and even the tabernacle of the Methodists is neat, and adorned moreover, contrary to the custom of the fraternity, with a becoming spire on the front edge of the edifice. As Canandaigua was be our stopping-place till Monday morning, we made all necessary preparations for a comfortable resting in the hotel of the right worshipful Mr Mead. Dinner being discussed, we sallied forth in a body to make a general survey of the town itself; and after supper, ascending a neighbouring hill to the southward of the main street, on which stands an apparently deserted arsenal of brick, took a distant sunset view of houses, trees, and steeples. Fatigue overcame our wearied bodies thereafter; and a good bed finished our labors for the present day.

On Sunday the 4th of August, the hours were passed pretty much, I trust, after the manner in which all Christians unite in consecrating the feelings and the affec-

tions to the service of the God of heaven. At such seasons, place has no distinctions: and I therefore found myself not so much discomposed as one would naturally expect a sober Churchman would have been, by the bad music, and the miserable drawl of a lay-reader, which defaced the pure ~~worship~~ dignity of our primitive worship in this place. The Rector unfortunately was ill; and the wretched substitute who filled his seat contrived all ways and means to murder the Litany with the most effect, and murder two fine discourses of the good old Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man. From his peculiar self-complacency of expression, and the short, bristly hair which he carried over his pate, cut close round the edges of a high, square forehead, I determined in my own mind that he was a pedagogue. I have been since told that he was a lawyer; and may the Law keep him forever among her sons! for the Church has enough of apes already in her muster-roll, without adding so thick a one to the list.

The evening of this day was devoted to a farewell view of the Lake. The sun was setting; and its red flame fell upon the smooth

surface in a flood of glory. We lingered to enjoy the prospect; but a rude gang of blusterers interrupting our meditations with their oaths and their angling rods, we departed in a sorry mood, lamenting the insensibility of man to nature in her loveliest manifestations, where education or religion have given no refining polish to the soul. Sauntering back again to the inn which we had left, we unanimously resolved to take a short Oblivion of our troubles and our pleasures in the arms of the sweet restorer: and the motion was no sooner carried, than converted into a practical act. The next day was fixed for our departure: and rising in good time on the morning of Monday, and finishing some loving epistles for the homes we had so many hours seen but with the mind's eye, we congratulated ourselves upon some ~~pleasant~~ prospects of pleasant recreation till the hour of two in the afternoon when we were to start. Alas! it was hope with all its bitter mockery following quick upon it. A driveller, whose name from motives of compassion solely

I omit to mention, broke in upon our enviable solitude; and the bell of the dinner alone had power enough to drive him from his post. I marked him, and shall remember him well.

On the fifth instant, then, mounting the stage, and bounding over the high road, we bid adieu to Canandaigua. The ride this afternoon was over a country not much cultivated, and presenting but little diversity: and the only relief which the scene offered was a constant succession of goodly orchards, stored principally with what the cider casks will one day hold in a still more inviting shape. The villages we passed through were unimportant; and none of them either by their beauty or situation have made any strong impression on my mind. Bloomfield, (East and West,) Lima, and Avon, are their order and their names. Five and twenty miles brought us to the end of this day's journey, which was indeed a short one; and considering that we were roused on the following morning at the early hour of 3, I could perceive no sufficient reason for such an arrangement of the stages. But let great men of every line follow their own business; only let them be honest and civil in their vocation, and I care not if a resolution or two now

and then happens to run counter to my inclinations. The house at which we halted was in rather a lonely spot, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the Genesee River; and though from first appearances neither the inn nor its landlord seemed capable of giving much hearty cheer to a decent company, yet for the honor of those whom it concerns be it mentioned, that cleaner beds and a more inviting supper never man was greeted with on his journey. For my own part I can say, that if every keeper of a tavern will supply me in my need with as good a dish of pigeons at that evening's supper displayed, I will enrol him, as I do the present host, among the number of my most substantial benefactors.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the stage was on its way to Buffalo. The air was like that of the preceding evening, excessively raw and penetrating; and it was something curious to see men who had started from the intolerable heat of a city to recreate themselves with country delights, muffling themselves close to the chin in thick coats, adding the coat of two or three cravats,

and slipping on woollen hose. The chilliness lasted till the hour of eleven in the morning, or thereabouts; and altogether, for a long extent of miles, the ride was completely comfortless. Our stage-company was composed of a troop of travellers who had joined us at Canandaigua; but whose names, from some unaccountable reason or other, I omitted to mention in their proper place. They were neither more nor less than a Philadelphia Presbyterian parson, ~~with~~ his wife, mother-in-law, two children, and brother-in-law. We had passed this party at Little Falls, during our journey to Utica on Thursday: ~~where they were~~ and for some miles they had been accommodated with a hackney-coach, which they abandoned on their arrival at Canandaigua. The parson, like all dissenters, would in every case stick by his own opinion: and this acquired self-satisfaction and dogmatism was in no small degree strengthened by the natural constitution which he inherited; for he was born in the State of Connecticut, where, as you know, a man's main business and endeavor is to talk like the wind himself, and never suffer one living soul to interpose a syllable if he can help it. The pec-

sonage in question was one of that very numerous class which in England is denominated clever, and in this transatlantic land smart; which never dives very deep into the subjects with which it meets in the exercise of its mental part; and throws a pretty imposing air over things not in themselves exceedingly weighty, by an inexhaustible glibness of language, and dogged positiveness of assertion. I had partially known the man in other days; and immediately recognized his countenance when I saw him in the stage-house at Little Falls. He is popular in the city which he now inhabits; is, I verily believe, a sincerely pious follower of what he considers to be truth; and seems to be now enjoying, after the tempests of a pretty troubled life, some respite from the hard knocks it has been his fate to encounter. With him, then, and his baggage of live stock, we scraped at the aforesaid hour the bridge over the Genesee: and passed through a country of which, for a considerable space, we were scarcely able to decypher even the outlines, through the misty shades that enveloped us. Day dawned, how-

ever, in process of time; and we found ourselves, when the driver blew his horn to announce to the post-office keeper that he was near, in the small village of Gananoque, about six miles from our place of starting. Eight miles further brought us to the village of Le Roy; and where it was told us, to our no small gratification, that the inn at which we had alighted was the breakfasting house. The first impulse of nature drove the whole stage company by a simultaneous movement to the kitchen fire, where some immense hickory logs were briskly crackling up the chimney. I could not prevail upon myself to leave the warm hearth, till the meal for which we had halted was announced as being ready; when taking a last look, I bent my way slowly, half asleep and half awake, to the bread and butter, hot waffles, and coffee, which were awaiting our disposal. This repast was soon finished; and remounting our conveyance, we were once more upon the broad turnpike; and were enabled to see the nature of the scenery through which we travelled, with full and perfect satisfaction. The whole appearance on every side was wild and

barren; and the rough log houses in the midst of fields covered with stumps, reminded us that we were in the regions of new settlers, and sturdy adventurers. Strafford is an unimportant settlement, at the distance of about five miles beyond Le Roy; but four miles beyond this lies a small though apparently flourishing town, which carries the appellation of Batavia. As a change of horses here took place, we had time to look a little around us; and found that this place contained a large, well-built, and commodious court-house; and besides this, the first Episcopal church of brick materials which we had met with in the course of our journey from Albany. Every thing along the western parts of our State is of wood; and in public edifices the effect of such a mode of building is mean beyond comparison to one whose fortune has permitted him to see better things. The church is in the Gothic style; which indeed seems to be the line of distinction this way between dissenting of all kinds, and the good old path of Epis-

cupancy. The living is at present vacant; but I have understood that a young man who has recently been admitted into orders, has the parish in his view. To him who could stand the inclemency of the bitter climate in these parts, it would be no unenviable settlement. I suppose refinement is not carried to any very exalted pitch in the place, and that the principles of church-government of any kind have not had time, amid the fluctuations of a newly-inhabited region, to take any very deep hold. But things soon take their appointed course; and a good guide will turn the sheep which way it pleases him, if only a little solid brain be added to benevolent inclinations.

It was after leaving Batavia that I for the first time in my life experienced the unparalleled delight of riding over a log road. The ground between the Genesee River and Buffalo was composed in great part of clay, and paved in many places through a swampy forests: and nothing but these wooden substitutes laid across the turnpike would, it

blems, enable a wheeled vehicle to advance along its way with the least facility. Our constant falls and risings over the uneven surface, may with most accuracy be compared to the short pitchings of a Rhode-Island sloop, while doubling Point Judith in a sea just beginning to settle after a blustering storm. Much merriment, however, was excited, by the variety which this novel scene afforded. The little children bumped their heads against the sides, and convulsed themselves with giggling: the reverend Philadelphian told us some anecdotes of rough journeys over the Alleghany ridge; and my comrades and myself consoled ourselves with the frequent asseverations of the stage-driver, that a quarter of a mile's endurance would terminate our difficulties; which end of the quarter of a mile, nevertheless, like the islands of the happy, was always in sight, but never attained. At least the evil lasted so long, that when relief came, we were insensible to our ~~pain~~ torments: and in a sort of stupid, maimed condition, we ar-

rived, at the hour of dinner, at the tavern in the village of Clarence, about nine miles distant from Batavia. Some excellent roast beef was our fare; and passing along for nearly the whole afternoon through pretty much the same kind of country as before, only on better roads, we came to a region which from its open, extended appearance, is denominated The Plains. Here the cultivation became very fine, and continued without interruption, ~~giving~~ observing every symptom of the being in neighborhood of some flourishing settlement. The wide range of level fields gave also evident tokens, as the same scenery had often given before, that we were approaching the borders of a lake. Pembroke and Williamsville were the only two villages, I believe, through which we passed after leaving Clarence. They were unimportant; and I now recollect nothing of them but their names. The evening now drew on apace: the air blew fresh and keen: and after inhaling the fine current as it travelled by, for the space of an hour or upwards, we perceived ~~the with pleasure expanse of~~ Erie at last

stretch out its broad expanse of waters, and the village of Buffalo rise in full glory before us. Driving on at a pretty rapid rate, we halted in a short time at the door of the principal inn, where we were received by as attentive and civil a landlord as ever held guest beneath his roof. As usual, we adjourned to our chamber for cleaning purposes; and half an hour being left us before supper-time to look round about the streets, we made our exit for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity with all that was to be seen.

Buffalo, as you know, was burnt during the last war by the British, in retaliation for an act of a similar kind committed by the Americans upon the town of Newark. But during the short time which has elapsed since that misfortune, it has not only regained its former size and prosperity, but has risen to a condition which, previously to the commencement of hostilities, it had never experienced. New and neat edifices have been every where raised upon the ruins of the consumed

dwellings; and an appearance of bustle and commercial activity is visible through every quarter. The town stands exactly upon the outlet of Lake Erie, where it ~~empties into~~ mingles its waters ~~with~~ the Niagara River. Fort Erie is immediately opposite, upon the British shore; and you perceive for a considerable extent along the river the line of the English frontier. Buffalo is rendered interesting by the concourse of strangers from different quarters of the surrounding country, to and from which the water communication affords an easy conveyance. There are to be seen in the streets and in the inns Canadians in great abundance, with their fresh, ruddy, open faces; Yankees from the extremest parts of their proper domain, come on purposes of traffic to the limit of the States; and the long, agile Indians, loitering with their manufactures at the corners of the paths, and along the edge of the lake. Upon the whole, we were extremely well pleased with our survey: and returned thereupon to enjoy the pleasures of a substantial meal. The company was for the greatest

part unknown to me, and not even their external physiognomy was at all familiar, ~~to me~~, though some of them were, by their conversation, from the same city at ~~with~~ myself. But among the mixed group which was before me, there was ~~one~~ a French face which, from the moment that I first cast my eyes upon it, strongly attracted my attention. I was totally unacquainted with the person who thus excited my interest: but from his whole look, conversation, and demeanor, I conjectured him to be one of the downright genuine gentlemen of ~~France~~ his country, fashioned after the old school. He was apparently about sixty-five; with a full ruddy countenance, eyes beaming with enthusiasm and intelligence, and a fine retreating forehead, from the top of which ~~his~~ his powdered hair was combed back after the style of the last century. ~~His~~ His courtesy extended to the smallest ~~momentos~~ as well as the greatest politeness; and withal seemed to come with that easy, ~~natural~~ unstudied grace, by which with men of that description long habit assumes the force of nature. His con-

versation was little that evening, but such as to induce me to wish for what farther acquaintance my short stay in the village might allow. In strange places, every man is in his undress: I therefore found no difficulty the following morning in obtaining a little discourse with him, when I met him on the balcony looking through a spy-glass at the lake, in his blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, drab small-clothes, and top-boots. I found him full of information as to the surrounding curiosities, and ready to bestow it to the utmost. He had, moreover, like many of his countrymen, a good share of that quick, sudden feeling, which comes strongly, and soon passes by, like the rushing of a fleecy cloud over the sunshine. One topic led to another; from generals he descended to particulars; and before I left him, he informed me of a connection of intimacy & friendship which had many years since subsisted in his native country, between his father's family and that of Robert Morris of Philadelphia, the late distinguished and visionary finan-

cier. At the time that the affairs of Morris came to their disastrous termination, the house of this emigrant suffered in their fall. But when he spoke of this subject, it was with a generosity high in its nature, and strikingly original in its expression: he buried all with a compassionate indulgence to the failings by which he had been injured, and with a glorious forgetfulness of self: and then turned, with an easy and vivacious shrug, to a topic totally unconnected. I left him with much respect: and shaped it ever be my chance that we should meet again, shall make it my business to seek some enjoyment of his company, as one of the noble and the excellent of mankind.

It was soon after my conversation with Monsieur, that a carriage was at the door in readiness to convey us to Black Rock, about two miles below Buffalo; whence a skow was to transport ourselves and our baggage across the Niagara to the Canada side. I therefore parted from whatever was good, bad, or indifferent in the town; and in the course of three quarters

of an hour, we were riding on the English territory down the river, on our way to the Falls. We were to travel a distance of two and twenty miles before our eyes could be feasted with the sight of what we had so long hoped for. Every step only served to heighten our expectations of what was to come, and prevented any very minute examination of the intervening objects; of which, luckily for us, on the present occasion, there was not any very urgent necessity; the river keeping on a pretty regular and straight course, of about the width of half a mile, with the same scenery on either hand. The only stopping-place which attracted our attention, was about 3 miles above the Falls, on the famous battle ground of Chippewa. My recollections did not serve me over and above well of the particulars of that combat: but any place consecrated by the blood of brave men fighting for their country's glory, and in obedience to her laws, has a necessary interest attached to it. The confused narrative of the stage-driver, aided by an occasional brandishing of his whip, was our principal commentary

at this time: but such as it was, we received it, and travelled onward. It is at the distance of half a mile from Chippewa, that the river increases in width to 2 miles, just at the termination of what is called Grand Island, a track ceded to the United States by the Seneca nation of Indians, and in length about 12 miles. Here, though the current is extremely rapid, its velocity is such as to render the surface of the water as smooth as a mirror of glass, as if enticing by the deceitful calm into the roaring whirlpools below. The sight of the Niagara in this part is, indeed, attended with some sad associations, by the recollection of a melancholy fatality which took place about six months since with two young men; who, having become intoxicated at Chippewa, went on board a little boat which they had fastened to the shore: when loosed this by some mismanagement breaking loose from its moorings, was precipitated with the unfortunate youths down the cataract, and seen no more. Proceeding a short distance along this shore,

the stage in which we road then made a turn
to the left: and we lost sight of the
river for about a quarter of hour, till
suddenly, through the foliage of the trees, we
discovered the rapids in all their awful
violence rushing towards the precipice of the
falls. We could only catch occasional glimp-
ses as we advanced on the road; but these
were mingled with emotions of real sublimity
and terror. The noise of our wheels pre-
vented that of the waters from being heard;
but the vast continuity of foam shewed
too well the agitation which was troubling
the surface of the descending river., We de-
termined, however, as much as possible, to suspend
all examination, till an arrival at our des-
tined place should give us full opportunity
for gratifying our curiosity, and beholding
all the glories of the scene in every point
of contemplation which might be afforded us.
We stopped, accordingly, with no small pleas-
ure, at the elegant house of Mr Forsyth,

about 10 o'clock on this same Wednesday the 7th of August, just after we had obtained a momentary view of the falls themselves, as we drove rapidly to the door. We alighted impatient with hope, and excited with those feelings which the spot can never fail to inspire. Dinner was prepared; a hearty one was soon dispatched; and a council was straightway held, on the best plan for occupying the remaining hours which the day afforded.

After a little debating, it was unanimously agreed upon by my companions and myself, that we should bend our steps up the river, and take a complete survey of the Rapids. Sallying forth from the hotel, which stands upon an eminence near the fall upon the Canada side, we descended down the hill towards the shore of the river; resolving to proceed upwards along the bank as far as our time would permit. I should judge the length of that part of the Rapids which is visibly boisterous and

disturbed, owing to its progress over the rocks, to be about three quarters of a mile; though, as I have before mentioned, the current begins to be irresistible in its force at the distance of 2 and 1/2 miles from the cataract. As we advanced, the scene became terific. Were it not for the incessant roaring, you would suppose, as you looked from a distance, that the river was an immense mass of frozen water, distinguished by thousands of little hillocks of ice, of different and singular shapes: but the noise, quickly undeceiving you, makes known how many rocks are resisting the headlong progress of the stream, and raising countless eddies and cataracts on every spot to which the eye can turn. It was on a sloping ground just on the edge of the river, a quarter of a mile from the falls, that we made our first pause; and reclining under the shade of a spreading linden tree, watched the dashing tide as it dashed on before us. A small sand-bank is here visible on the surface, near the beach; and the water, taking a curl-

ing direction, sweeps by with a velocity of which the bare sight would make the stoutest shudder. It is only continued observation that conveys an accurate idea of the real swiftness of the current; and then it is indeed both seen and felt. But the sublimest view was reserved for us a short distance higher up, from a warf connected with a flour mill erected upon the river's edge. Here, close beneath the eye, are discovered a line of rocks, over which the water tumbles with a raging fury, of which no description could afford the faintest conception. Nothing living could sustain for any long space the billows that are incessantly breaking in this part, but would inevitably perish long before it descended the great precipice of the fall. Casting a glance across the river, you perceive the waves whirled into thousands and ten thousands of various contortions; now rising in globules of white spray into the air, now scattered in every direction like an explosion of a rocket, now dark-

ening into one grand swell. It is a complete war of waters; and the confused noise of these ~~convulsed~~ smaller parts, blending with the more regular roar of the fall like the rumbling of distant thunder, added to the impressions of power which the sight of the whole of the rapids together produced, ~~did~~ went far beyond what my imagination, in her wildest wanderings, had ever ventured to persuade me of the scene. And I would in this place take the liberty of recommending ~~all~~ your readers, if any of them should at some future time pay a visit to Niagara, to take a near view of the Rapids, and exactly such a one as was taken on this occasion by ourselves. Height diminishes the apparent velocity: and accordingly, when we ascended a neighboring hill, and from a small summer-house upon its top looked down upon the whole extent of the current below, it seemed a mere white, stationary, irregular assemblage of waters. The more your eye is on a level with the river, the more awful and therefore the more lasting is the impression, which

the rushing stream produces.

The ramble of this afternoon, including all our pauses at the different stations of survey, pretty well consumed the whole of our afternoon; and the sun was just sinking in the west when we took our steps backward to the hotel, filled with the grandeur of the objects which had passed in succession before us. The company was the most part unknown to us; and probably we to it; and we accordingly retired after supper to enjoy in private those meditations, which the caballing of strangers would never have suffered to be digested. Fatigue, and other assisting causes, however, soon induced a strong disposition after a recumbent posture, and closed eye-lids. Beds were nigh at hand, and a simultaneous movement tumbled us all three at once into our respective receptacles.

On Thursday morning after breakfast, we proceeded, according to a determination previously formed, to take a complete view of the Falls, by crossing the ferry below over to the American side; whereby we should have an

opportunity of looking at the whole from the centre of the river. About half a mile from Forsyth's, there is a safe and convenient stair-way which conducts to the foot of a precipice nearly 200 feet in perpendicular height: and here a boat is always in readiness on the beach to convey passengers to the opposite shore. As we reached the middle of the channel, we perceived for the first time the cascade in all its glory of variegated color, and incalculable power. The falls of Niagara are divided by Goat island into two separate sheets of water; of which the largest is between that island and the Canada shore, and falls down a precipice of about 164 feet in the form of an irregular curve, from which circumstance it has received the appellation of the Horse-Shoe Fall. An immense body of water descends in this part, and from its depth is nearly all round of a beautiful green color, which is continually varying with the different positions of the sun, and is finely contrasted with the white foam, which breaks at certain intervals over the rocks in the shallower parts on the edge of the descent.

The fall between Goat island and the American side of the river is nearly in a straight line, and, tumbling over a channel of not much depth, is broken into an infinity of small bubbling cataracts, foaming in every direction as they roll over the verge of the gulph. There is also between Goat island and the american shore, and very near the former, another small island piece of land which is called by the name of Bath island, over which a sheet of water descends between 20 and 30 feet in width; and this fall makes to itself at a considerable relief to the long extent of the sheet on that side. Upon the whole, there is no view of the whole cataract at once, which in my opinion is preferable to that which we have took from the river below. The sight from the remnant of the Table Rock is about equal in grandeur, and takes in nearly the same extent, with the exception that the view down the river is more bounded from this spot. Both positions embrace the vast sweep of water on the American and the British side; the swift current

at the bottom; the high banks on either side of the Niagara; and all the astonishing variety of sparkling foam, and rainbows stretching over the vapors formed by the dashing of the spray. But from the low situation in the river, greater astonishment is perhaps excited than in any other possible position, by casting the eye upwards at the grand panoramic scene which encloses you on every quarter. We had found an ample opportunity of experiencing to their fullest extent the emotions which this spot was calculated to excite, by the time the tugging boatman had rowed us to the opposite shore; and we should require no other proof of the incomparable magnitude of the objects before us, than the continual novelty which they assume the longer the eye is fastened upon them. Each separate discharge of foam seems to be perpetually varying in its appearance; and there is even something in the shapes of the smoky vapor as it rises up to the sky, in the contrast of light and shade,

and in the terrible rapidity of motion, which keeps the attention every instant active and employed. Every moment that I looked only served to shew how weak and imperfect were the boldest expectations I had formed of this wonder-work of nature's hand, as to grandeur, magnitude, and extent. It completely dazzled and confounded me: and God's might, and man's absolute littleness and insignificance, were the ideas that involuntarily forced themselves upon my soul, and plunged it from all its airy imaginings into the lowest depths of humiliation. 'These are thy works, Almighty Father, these!' and who that was an atheist before, would have the hardihood to approach within the roaring of these thunders, and not bow convicted before thee, and confess himself a fool?

Next to a view of the whole waterfall, I would advise him who professes himself disappointed as to the apparent height of the precipice down which the cataract descends, to ascend, as soon as

he has croped the ferry, the stair-way which has been erected on the american side, and there remain for some time till he has thoroughly ~~examined~~ surveyed that sheet of water which falls within a few yards of the spot, and which, from its projecting somewhat further out than the rest of the descent on this side of the river, appears like a separate fall. Here you indeed realize the depths down which the cataract tumbles, and tremble as you peep through the wooden opening at the volumes of foam that rush over the edge, and after forming a tremendous arch rattle against the bottom of the ~~deep~~ rocky cavern into which they descend. While at Niagara, I heard it frequently observed by some young travellers who had not the patience to give due examination, that the calculation of height had been much exaggerated. But besides the fact that water is extremely deceiving in an estimate of distances by the eye, these youths ~~did~~ failed to take into consideration the clouds of

spray which, by their constant rise from the ground, conceal about one half of the real length of the descending sheet of water. Only let a sceptic on this point follow our steps of Thursday morning, and I suspect that his strongest doubts will receive a speedy termination. For myself, I confess, that what I had previously thought of this part of the grandeur of Niagara in point of height, was nothing to that knowledge of the reality of it, which the position I have mentioned afforded me. It was appalling beyond what imagination can picture, or pen describe.

Ascending the stairs from the place where we had made this short rest, we soon attained the summit of the cliff, and proceeded along the American Rapids to the neat wooden bridge which has been erected over them, leading from the shore to Goat island. The waters rage here with the same impetuous current as on the Canada side, twisted and curled into every possible combination of whirlpool and eddy. We had at this place, however, a much more advantageous position for

viewing the swiftness of the stream, by leaning over the railings of the bridge, and watching the water as it dashed on towards the mighty torrent. But in a moment or two the head turns with dizziness; and we soon relinquished the spot for a stroll along the island. It would be impossible to give the reader an intelligible detail of the numerous positions from which the Falls may be contemplated, in this woody and romantic retreat. Every sight has something new; and we were amply rewarded in what we discovered, for the fatigue undergone in a ramble of several hours along the edge of the water. Towards dinner hour we began our return; and after stopping for a short time at the hotel kept on the American side, which is apparently a neat and comfortable house, we descended the stair-way, crossed the Niagara, and stepped on the threshold of Forsyth's Inn, too much wearied for any further labor on that day.

The chef-d'œuvre of every visitor to the

Falls yet remained to be accomplished,- Standing under the arch-way which the water forms in its descent over the cliff. It was not without some feeling of trepidation that we first heard this subject mentioned; having heard it on other occasions frequently represented to us as an extravagant and dangerous undertaking, ventured upon by none but great men who had nothing higher in this life to gain, and fools who had nothing to lose. The account, however, which was given us at Niag: ara, varied so much in every particular, as to induce us to make the attempt: and on Friday morning, about an hour after breakfast, we sallied forth to the circular steps which lead from the Table Rock to the bottom of the perpendicular steep of which it is a part. When we had arrived at the bank of the river, we divested ourselves of coat and waistcoat, and of every thing in our pockets that was of any value, and ran under the direction of our guide close under the rock that rose immediately above us, till, under a shower of sprinkling water which penetrated immediately to our very skins, we touched the point of destination. Here we were amply rewarded for all our trouble. A sight more awfully terrible I

never witnessed. Contrary to what the eye imagines from looking at the outside of the fall, the line on which the water touches the ground is as much as 50 feet distant from the base of the cliff over which it descends. Within this mighty curve, you have ample room for remaining with perfect safety, and observing the majestic scene before you. It is impossible to penetrate for any great distance round the interior, owing to the difficulty of breathing in such an atmosphere; but a position near the opening from under the fall, answers every purpose for conveying an idea of the whole descent. Danger in such an expedition, I now state for the benefit of all whom it may concern, there is positively none. The only possible cause for apprehension, ~~if such there be~~, is from the overhanging rocks which you perceive above your head as you are proceeding along the river: but none of these project in the manner in which the Table Rock is said to have done, and are firmly joined to the great mass. A quaking sensation cannot, indeed, be avoided by a man of ordinary nerves, when he takes a peep upwards, and sees the pieces which oc-

casionally jut out from the thick wall: and this, added to the impetuosity with which the watery spray is driven into the face by the violence of the fall, making the act of breathing exceedingly difficult, renders it necessary for every man who undertakes the passage under the fall, to buckle on all his strength, and not quail at trifles. As to the veils of which I had heard so many strange accounts, the number of them was to be sure immense; yet not, as I had had it represented to me, so great as to render the foot-hold next to impossible. There is ample space of small rough stones on which you tread without danger of stumbling: and in case of a fall, there are no evil consequences which, as far as my own eyes told me, could afterwards ensue; so extensive is the ground between the descent of the fall, and the perpendicular rock upon your right.

Our curiosity being gratified, we returned to Forsyth's more like drowned rats than human beings; and in ascending the back steps of the house, met with a hearty laugh from two or three ruddy Canadian chamber-maids, who seemed to derive great diversion from our condition. Half an hour's trouble, however, soon put us to rights again, and disposed us for walk-

ing comfitably forth to seek out other entertainment. Having experienced an agreeable cooling from our shower-bath under the cascade, and derived from it also a good measure of vigor and resolution, we agreed immediately to put in practice a determination we had formed since our first arrival, to visit a burning spring distant about a mile and a quarter from the Falls, and inclosed in a small wooden building just on the edge of the Rapids on the English side. We found the place we were looking for in a short time, and returned with satisfaction from the walk. A hollow tube is inserted into the floor of the house, and passes through the water into the earth; and from this tube rises an inflammable gas, which takes fire on coming in contact with the atmospheric air. It was burning with a bright flame when we entered; and some ~~inflammable~~ combustible materials of different kinds which were applied caught the blaze immediately. The heat is also great, as any one's finger in the ~~immediate~~ vicinity of the tube would find to its cost, if it was held long enough. Upon the whole, though there is nothing extraordinarily novel in the spectacle, yet it is worth any visitor's while to take a look at it: and as to ourselves, a devouring

appetite for dinner was not the least benefit we derived from the excursion.

The rest of the day was spent in contemplating the falls at different positions, according as our inclinations led us; and on the next morning, by the politeness of a friend from Newfork who conducted us to the spot, we traversed the battle-ground of Bridgewater, or, according to its more common appellation with the Canadians, Lundy's Lane. On the summit of the rising ground upon which a part of that severe contest took place, stands a small square school-house: near which a heap of earth thrown up in a circular form shews the place where many of the slain were deposited. A pit containing some calcined bones was also pointed out to us in an adjoining field, in which also were a few tombstones erected to the memory of officers who had died on neighbouring stations. The situation was a delightful one, and by its peaceful quiet, and green sequestered verdure, formed a pretty obvious contrast to the bloody desolation with which it had once been visited. It is about a mile and a half from the Falls; and on a sultry day a pleasant route to it may be taken along the skirts of a wood which flanks the road, without much increasing the distance. The battle of Bridge-

water, as being one of the most terrible during the last unfortunate war with Great Britain, demands some attention of visitors to the ground upon which it was transacted; though the sight of such scenes is but sickening and melancholy at best.

We had now seen, and very attentively too, every part of that great natural object, which had formed the principal inducement of our journey from the city. To behold the Falls of Niagara, was the hope which had given a keener edge to all our enjoyments on the long road which led to them; which had borne us up briskly under all the delays we were forced to encounter, all the troubles that buffeted us as we advanced. This hope was now fulfilled, and that more gloriously than our fancies or our wishes had ever looked for. We had been now nearly four days in examining the scenery of the spot: and the thoughts of a speedy removal began a little to exercise us. It was now, therefore, that we first began seriously to consider the expediency of a journey some distance further onward, of which we had first had some unsettled idea before we reached Niagara, but on which we had never yet restored

any very continued reflection. We had at present no urgent reasons to hinder us from advancing our excursion some space beyond the limits we had originally prescribed to it: Montreal was a town, we thought, worth a little travelling to arrive at; the intermediate country was interesting; and such a direction of our journey would afford some variety of scene to our return homeward. The scheme was unanimously adopted; and this same afternoon, all preliminary matters being duly settled, we were seated in the stage-coach that drives every day of the week from Niagara Falls to Fort George.

The distance we were to run over between these two places was about 14 miles, along the high banks of the Niagara River: and nothing met our eye of any considerable consequence during the short time that was occupied in the route, except a place which the last war has rendered memorable and interesting,- the scene of the battle of Queenston, at which Brock was killed. A high eminence upon which the contest commenced, overlooks the small and filthy town which lies in the valley beneath; and standing upon this elevated ground, you may have a prospect of great beauty acros

the surrounding country, embracing the cultivated lands on both sides of the river, the bold and rocky shore, and the town of Lewiston immediately opposite to Queenston. After a few minutes' delay we passed on quickly forward along the till a little after dark we arrived at the wharf, whence the British Steam-boat Frontenac was to carry us onward that same night to Kingston, through the dark blue waters of Lake Ontario. We had previously intended to pay a visit to Fort George by day-light, and examine the fortifications, the village of Newark, and the opposite American shore, where Fort Niagara frowns upon the English frontier. But circumstances unavoidably defeated this expectation; and all that we saw was the dark outline of the fort and barracks, the main street of the town which has been reared upon the ashes of the old one, and the sentinel with his red coat and musket pacing his lonely watch upon the dock. Contenting ourselves with fortune's allotments, we accordingly retired, after seeing all we could see, into our several births in the cabin: and on waking the next morning, which was Sunday the 11th of August, and ascending upon deck, we found ourselves sailing beneath a fine clear

sky upon the broad bosom of the Lake. We were now close upon the British shore; and the width was here so great, that Newyork State could not be distinguished with the naked eye. As I mounted up the gang-way, we were just entering into the harbor of York, in Upper Canada, famous by the death of the American general Pike, and which is about 50 miles distant from Fort George. It was six in the morning, as we rode up to the wharf of the landing-place; and after being fairly hauled alongside, we proceeded to make a short survey of what was possible to be seen. I must confess, that, from what I saw at that time, my partialities were not much engaged in ~~it~~ favor of either the town or its situation. It lies upon low, marshy ground, close along the edge of a small inlet of the Lake, oppressed by a close and unwholesome atmosphere. The houses were principally of wood, badly built, irregularly arranged, and carrying in almost every quarter an excessively filthy appearance. Sunday morning was, indeed, no time to find business stirring; but neatness at such a time, if the place had possessed any, would

surely have been sufficiently conspicuous. After a ramble of about an hour, we returned heartily pleased with our escape, to take some breakfast in the Frontenac, and proceeded on our voyage down the Lake in the course of an hour and a half afterward. The steeples and habitations receded from our view, and in bidding an inward farewell I did it without a groan.

It was, as I said, Sunday Morning: and the Presbyterian clergyman, about the hour of half-past ten, was observed by some of us to be making some stir in company with Captain Mc Kenzie, about the chairs, sofas, and benches, which were strewed indiscriminately about the deck of the vessel. We quickly saw through the intent of these preparatory measures. He, being the oldest of his order upon board, was invited by the commander to assemble a little church out of the passengers, and address them ex cathedrâ; or, in plain English, to preach a sermon. He did so; and I forbear all comment, save the wish that I may never hear him again. The service was shortly concluded; the vessel continued without interruption on her voyage; little could be discerned of either shore; and nothing material occurred that day, except one event of which my sun-burnt visage will for some

time carry the remembrance. I was standing near the wales of the boat, and in the act of drawing out ~~my~~ a ~~pocket~~ handkerchief from my coat pocket, ~~that part of my habiliments which contained it~~, when a sudden blast of wind struck behind, and carried off the broad-brimmed straw-hat which had been my travelling-companion so long, away into the waters of the Ontario. I gave a sort of impotent shout after it; a seal-skin cap lent me by one of my comrades supplied the place; and I dedicated my lost chapeau as a votive offering to the genius of the Lake.

It was not till Monday morning, about 12 o'clock, that our boat, with the British standard waving at her stern, came gallantly within sight of the islands scattered at intervals before the entrance of Kingston harbor. The town ~~boasts~~ garrisons from a distance a commanding appearance, as you turn the point at the end of the cove within which it lies, and see upon your right ~~the~~ a lofty eminence crowned with ~~strong and~~ extended ramparts, and the shore lined with military store-houses, vessels of war laid up on dry docks, and stone walls

reared with beauty and with strength. We had no
sooner touched the wharf, than the deck was
covered with officers stationed at the neighbor-
ing forts, most of them fine looking men, oth-
ers excessively long-faced and weather-beaten,
and some foppish beyond the possibility of a
caricature to ridicule. They had friends on
board after whom they came to enquire; and
all crossing our path at once in such mul-
titudes, I should have felt as if dropped at
once into the midst of an enemy's country,
engaged in all the activities of war, had
not my English blood beat in unison with
that of the men I saw before me, and made
me feel as if transplanted at once to my birth-
~~by an involuntary sensation of pleasure~~ place
on the other side of the Atlantic. While these
were bustling around, I made arrangements
for decamping to Mr Moore's Mansion House,
whither I had been directed by a friend to carry
myself on my arrival, to wait for a con-
veyance to the next destination. Thither I went
in company with my comrades: and we were
there saluted
greeted with the unwelcome information, that
we must remain in the town till the time

at which the Steam-boat Charlotte sailed for Prescott, which was not till Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock. The delay, however, could not be avoided: and consoling ourselves with the reflection that we were already so far forward on our journey to Montreal, as be at the distance of 170 miles and upwards from Fort George, we prepared ourselves for filling up the vacancies of three empty stomachs, by a substantial dinner at the orthodox hour of three. This done, we proceeded, as usual, on a reconnoitering excursion round the town.

Kingston, as a place of residence, certainly presents no very strong attractions to a stranger. It is built upon a hard, rocky soil, which renders it difficult to preserve the streets even in a tolerable outward appearance: and besides this, there is nothing at all regular in the construction of the place. The ground on which it stands has a gradual rise from the river, and from the summit of this hill the prospect over the neighboring country is extremely pleasant. But Looking into the town, you perceive a confused assemblage of roofs,

with nothing prominent among the mass: the whole has a slovenly outside; and we returned after a short walk not much rewarded for our pains. Another day, however, was to be spent on the same spot; and when the next morning arrived, we endeavored to make some minuter examination into the curiosities of the town. The jail, I remember, first attracted our attention on this occasion, by its exceedingly forlorn condition. Near it stands the pillory, painted with doleful black, with its holes yawning in ominous significancy to all the bystanders round. There are several churches, among which we soon recognized by the cross upon its cupola the building of the Catholics: and entering the door, found a priest sitting in a sort of side-box, listening to the confessions of a few miserable, dark-looking wretches, that approached him one after the other, to make their obeisance. The interior of the building was in a style of the most meagre poverty: the altar-piece daubed over with a little dirty gilding; and every thing manifesting that poverty was

on its last legs in the town of Kingston. Escaping from this dungeon as speedily as might be, we strolled down to the barracks, a sight of which soon convinced us that the chief glory of the place, we were in, lay in its beauty and completeness as a military station. All the forms of camp service are here rigidly observed; cleanliness reigns in every part the greatest as well as the least; and all was as if in a state of exact preparation for the danger of immediate warfare. The most interesting, however, of the spectacles which we witnessed here, was reserved for our afternoon's excursion to Fort Henry, which stands upon a high eminence on the other side of the bay, and directly opposite the town. A party of a dozen went immediately after dinner, by invitation from Col. Johnson, the commanding officer of the fort; who, just as we arrived, was drawing up the garrison, consisting of about 250 light infantry, in the great square within the stone barracks. They were truly a noble specimen of ~~sight~~, to discipline and skill; were nearly all of a height as they stood in one line before us; and carried in their faces that fresh, ruddy

color of health, which ~~is to clear upon to look~~ a sign of contented hearts, and ~~full~~ stomachs well replenished with beef and beer. As they went through their order of march and countermarch, the band played a variety of good old martial tunes in their best style; and God save the King, with several variations, closed the entertainments of the day.

About ten o'clock on the same evening, we transferred ourselves from the house of Mr Moore to the cabin of the Steam-boat Charlotte, which was to take its departure, as I before said, at 3 in the morning: and when we awoke, and took a peep out early on Wednesday morning, we discovered ~~ourselves to~~ that we were to be sailing prettily swiftly down the current in the broad mouth of the St. Lawrence, and in the midst of what are called the Thousand Islands. These extend for a distance of about 40 miles; and by their variety of situation, their different sizes, and the woodland scenery upon their banks, give an unceasing interest to the passage of the river in this part. They are mostly un-

inhabited; except that here and there a little cleared spaces shew the huts of some Indians who live along the shores, many of whom we met paddling themselves ~~along~~ in their light bark canoes, and fishing as they went. Among the islands, you have not much prospect of cultivated ground on the Canada shore, near which our course was taken: ~~no after those on~~ are there any settlements of consequence visible, to mark the tread of civilized man through the forests. Gananoque, about 18 miles below Kingston, though honored by being the seat of a regular post-office, contains but 2 or 3 houses at the farthest. Bridge Island, two and twenty miles from Gananoque, is marked by a block house in its centre, though there are no men stationed there at present; and stands at the termination of the Thousand Islands. After this was passed, we came into open space; and the river here being considerably narrower, both shores were distinctly seen from the vessel in which we sailed. From this point all for as Brockville, a small village in Upper Canada which is about 58 miles from Kingston, the land is the most highly cultivated on the American side, and appears

to be the residence of more opulent and enterprizing inhabitants. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when we touched at Brockville, where the boat remained about an hour, that the Captain might transact some custom-house business at the place. After a few minutes we were alongside the dock, it was thought expedient for us to pass the short time allotted to us in a ramble through the village. It is on the whole neat and sufficiently pleasant in its situation and appearance, and is adorned with an antique looking Church of stone, and a lofty Court-house. But of all the places for inhabitants mine eyes have ever rested upon, in the shape of human ~~figures~~ subsistences, a more barbarous pack, according to the best of my recollections, I never yet have met with. They are a mixture of ~~ragamuffins~~ of the lowest and wretchest order, from all quarters of the United States, and from some parts of the Old World; but from the remark a young Canadian made to us upon the dock, they have emigrated principally from the Eastern

States. "Who live here mostly?" said I. "Oh," replied he, "they're the greatest part of 'em Yankees; but they behave pretty civil." This was, indeed, a hard reflection upon the capabilities of men from that part of the Union, of comporting themselves with common decency. He might, possibly, however, have included all on the other side of the frontier lines under the common appellation of Yankees; though we know for a certainty that our brethren of those regions, the best citizens when they are at home, are generally the most miserable samples of morality and order, of the inferior rank, when they have in all other wanderd into foreign settlements. However that be, such was the fashion of the people of this town. "What building, Sir, is that?" said one of my companions in a civil tone, to a fellow who was passing along the sheet. He looked in the face his interrogator with a sulky frown, and passed on without answering a syllable. "That is the court-house," said a good-natured blacky who was seated upon a stoop hard by: "the people that live here are more than half of 'em a

parcel of dirty blackguards - you can't get nothing out of 'em.' The character passed by this humorous negro upon his fellow-citizens, was sufficiently amusing; and we descended pausing midway between rage and laughter, to continue our passage down the St. Lawrence.

Opposite Brockville, on the American shore, is the small village of Morris, which we had only time to give a look at as we sailed on our course: but from what the eye could discover, it appeared to be a thriving settlement. Brockville and this, however, were soon out of sight; and 12 miles further, through a country extremely well cultivated on either side, brought us about 5 in the afternoon, to the dirty village of Prescott in the Upper Province. Our principal business on landing here was to seek out some suitable conveyance, to carry us down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The chief accommodations by water are batteaux, and what are termed Durham boats, considerably longer than the other; and

both are so constructed as to be able to pass with ease and safety over the numerous shoals and currents which they encounter in their progress. At Prescott, however, the boats which we examined were utterly unfit for all comfortable habitation, and in cleanliness of appearance not much unlike one of the old Hoboken pettiaugers, on her first trip on a summer's morning, before the process of bailing and sweeping had removed the filth, clams, and oyster-shells of the preceding evening's cargo. The bare sight of these miserable utensils ~~seems~~ determined us to take a ferry-boat forthwith for the village of Ogdensburgh, directly opposite Prescott; at which place we thought it probable we should find some more suitable packets, connected with the American Steam Boat Ontario, which plies between Fort Niagara and that village. We crossed accordingly: but as bad luck would have it, the only well-accommodated Durham boat to be found on this side of the river was waiting for the arrival of the american boat, which was not to be in until the next evening. After a night's lodging at Ogdensburgh, we

betook ourselves on Thursday morning back again to Prescott, and there determined to secure seats in the mail-stage which was to start at 3 in the morning of the next day, and to deposit us in the town of Montreal on Saturday noon. The conveyance was certain, for a mail must travel through fire and storm; and comforting ourselves with the idea that our delays would shortly be over, we resolved in the mean time to make the best of our condition in the wretched hole we had been dropped into. In spite, therefore, of a dark, damp, drizzling day, we started from the door of Mr Warner's Inn in Prescott, on a regular surveying excursion through the village and its environs. The public buildings of this place, if such existed, must have been, like many other of the good things of this world, hidden in a corner: for none of them were at all visible even on the closest inspection. The two most conspicuous edifices are the Presbyterian and the English Church; which,

strange to tell, are in the exterior exactly similar, and both in a style of construction so extremely simple, as to approach even to meanness. The funds of the inhabitants, however, are probably rather limited: and from the account which a communicative Irishman we met with gave us, their generosity in the erection of edifices to the worship of God is of a character as praiseworthy as that which drew forth the widows mite in other days. We passed from these buildings to a hill back of the town, and there took a survey of the river, opposite shore, and surrounding forests, which together present a scene worthy of a painter's pencil to copy; but our meditations were unfortunately quenched in their very outset by the increasing violence of the rain, which drove us with a hurrying pace toward to the tavern from which we came. Occupying ourselves as well as we could till the dinner-hour, we sallied out a second time when the meal was finished, to effect an entrance, if possible, into Fort Wellington, which stands on an extensive plain adjoining the town. An officer, with cane in hand, was

enjoying from the ramparts the light of the sun which had just reappeared in the heavens, when we halted at the gate as if signifying that we should like an entrance. The aforesaid officer, who happened to be the commandant of the garison, and discovering what we were aiming at by our sudden pause, politely requested us to come in. The fortification is built with uncommon strength; and the barracks, containing at this time about 450 men, are neat, roomy, and convenient. The guns pointing in the direction of the river command the opposite town; and Aldenbrough Court-house, it is said, received during the last war a shot in one of the rooms, in which five grave judges had immediately before been holding their deliberations. The sight altogether was gratifying; we returned with the satisfaction that we had found out something new; and an hour after supper, adjourning to our beds, laid in a good stock of rest to prepare us for the fatigues of the following day.

By some unaccountable circumstance

or other, we did not leave Prescott at the appointed time: to which, however, we made no manner of objection, as the delay gave us an additional slumber of two hours upon our pillows. The sun was just rising as the coachman gave his first lash to the horses; and we drove with rapidity over a delightful ground along the banks of the St. Lawrence, in as easy a vehicle as man ever stepped into. The country on both sides of the river was highly cultivated; though our prospect of the American shore was considerably diminished by the immense number of small islands which, at different intervals, are scattered on the surface of this majestic stream. By the constant vicinity of our carriage to the water, we were favored with a complete view of the Rapids as they occur in regular order; with this additional pleasure, that we perceived the whole nature and extent of the currents, without experiencing at the same moment the sense of danger. The first of these Rapids which we came in sight of after leaving Prescott,

though not one of the principal, was called by one of our fellow-passengers the Flaw: for the accuracy of the name, however, I cannot vouch. We had ridden about six miles when we arrived at it: and it was a glorious sight to behold, when one of the batteaux which had started some time after us, overtaking the carriage by the force of the current, at last dashed her prow into the foaming eddies, and sailed in triumph a-head. This seemed to be a matter of considerable mirth to the tawny Canadians who navigated her: for, as soon as they had reached us, one of them taking up the tin horn commenced a regular salute interspersed with quirks and flourishes, which he kept up till they had travelled full half a mile beyond; as if laughing at the unequal contest between the cumbersome wheels contrived by man's labor, and the power of nature's machinery of which they were using the advantages. We congratulated ourselves, however,

in our turn, that if a head wind should happen to come across the boatmen, when they were sailing outside of the current, their plight would be no enviable one: and amused with so charitable a reflection, we pursued our journey till we had reached the distance of about 23 miles from Prescott, at the inn appointed for our breakfast. The place had no name that I could learn, but was immediately opposite a pleasant village on the American shore called Warrington, in the midst of a tract of country adorned with excellent culture. The entertainment was served up by a long-visaged old woman, over whose hooked beak a pair of rusty iron spectacles were fastened with peculiar closeness to her eyes; which ornaments gave her that scrutinizing inquisitiveness of physiognomy, so indicative of the excellent qualities she possessed at finding out what knaves would gull her if they could, and stopping them pretty nicely in their calculations. These talents of hers we first

witnessed in active operation immediately after the breakfast; when some gentlemen of the stage-company who had inadvertently neglected to render up their account, were summoned from the vehicle back into the house again with the sharp, shrill admonition, 'I guess there's some o' the gentlemen haint paid yet.' The rebuke was quickly attended to; and all things being duly settled, we continued our journey with new vigor, and exhilarated spirits.

At the distance of a mile below the stage-house, stands the well-known Chrysler's Farm, the scene of General Wilkinson's defeat during the late war. I took, however, no great interest in the spot as being the battle-ground between the English and the Americans. But any might pause with pleasure to look at the fine order which the farm itself displays, and its variety of yellow grain, pasture-ground, and orchard.

the St. Lawrence washes a steep bank in front of the whole, and no traces of former warfare remain along the edge of the road, ~~of former warfare~~, to mar the beauty of the prospect. The dead were buried, I believe, in an adjoining field some distance back: we should therefore have gone past the place of blood without any knowledge of it, had not a merry young Englishman, on his way to Quebec, turned suddenly round in the face of a New Hampshire man who sat in the rear of him, and with whom he had held several ~~good~~ pretty hot ~~tussles~~ disputes, and cried, 'Here's the field where Wilkinson came over, and got a lickin.' We went through a short discussion on the subject, till some circumstance, which I now forget, put a termination to the controversy.

Six miles further brought us to the first of the three great Rapids of the St. Lawrence, which has the name of the Long Sault, and foams

and drives, ~~through with astonishing~~ it is said, in every quarter, with equal velocity. That part which we saw has received the appellation of the Lost Channel, from some former disasters encountered by vessels in its current. Here the water is dashed over a countless succession of rocks of different sizes, and in its white troubled surface strongly reminds us of the Rapids of Niagara Falls. Over this channel no navigators deem it prudent to proceed; but even in another passage through which the ~~vessels~~ boats are directed, such is the violence of the descent as to carry them down the whole length, which is 9 miles, in 20 minutes; the space of being at the rate of 27 miles an hour, a speed which would scarcely be ~~credible~~ deemed credible, were it not attested by fact. Five miles onward conducted on carriage through a country still as cultivated as ever, to the small settlement of Millrush; where nothing made an attempt to re-

fresh ourselves with some bad spruce beer, served up to us by a Connecticut emigrant, we passed on five miles further to the town of Cornwall, on the edge of the river. From what we could observe, the place ~~appeared~~ seemed to be neat, though not having any great appearance of business either in or about it. Our time, however, did not admit of very minute examination: for the horse-boat which was to convey us thirty-five miles further to Coteau-du-Lac, was awaiting our arrival at the dock, and took us off almost immediately ~~on~~ towards our place of destination. It was nine o'clock in the evening of this day before we came to the port, after having sailed along the shore of a country well settled and richly cultivated, near the Canada side: and part of our passage lay through that portion of the St. Lawrence which is denominated the Lake of St. Francis, where the water is of majestic width, and the navigation quite uninterrupted. On the south side of this lake, and on the boundary line between the American and British territories, lies the Indian village of St. Regis, whose low wooden huts

I could barely distinguish on the distant bank of the water. The variety of the landscape was altogether such as to make the coming of night an unwelcome change for us: taking refuge, therefore, in a sound sleep, my company passed in happy forgetfulness the hours that remained until the following morning, when a stage at the hour of five broke in upon our repose. Mounting the seats in rather a chilly condition, we proceeded on a moderate pace through a scene which from its novelty, as well as real interest, continued to keep up the attention without intermission. We were now, for the first time, in a settlement peculiarly and exclusively French. For the space of fifteen miles the houses are closely situated to each other, on the front edge of comfortable farms: and the ruddy, round, contented visages of the inhabitants, bespeak the good cheer this soil brings forth to their labors. About the external appearance of all the buildings, there is every thing that shews the antiquity of

their location. In one place, I remember to have been particularly struck with a small square chapel of stone upon the edge of the river, surrounded by an enclosure in the midst of which stood a cross, as if to denote to travellers by that they were passing consecrated ground. It appeared to be designed for the priests' audience-room to hear the confessions of the neighboring peasantry, who here as well as in other Catholic communities, are kept in a state of entire and hopeless ignorance of everything in their religion but its bigotry and its fanaticism. Near the chapel stands a large and ancient church, whose low roof, dark narrow windows, and elevated front, betokened it the construction of at least a century. The whole view was engaging, for it carried us back at once generations over years and transactions long since mingled with the tales and the remembrances of other times. Would that the effects of devotional zeal could in this case, by any possibility, be as useful as they are permanent in their duration!

At the distance of ten miles from

Coteau du Lac, is the next great Rapid of the St. Lawrence, which, seemingly from the neighboring scenery, has received the appellation of the Cedars: and five miles further brought us to the third, which is of considerable danger from its velocity and broken descent, denominated the Cascades, near that part of the Island of Montreal where the Ottawa, a branch of the Grand River, enters the St. Lawrence. A steam-boat was here in readiness to carry us down the river and the Lake of St. Louis to La Chine: the vessel performed its trip in the course of three or four hours through a scenery still more diversified than we had witnessed in the sail of the preceding day: and finding the expected conveyance at the wharf the moment we touched it, we mounted one of them instanter for a ride of nine miles up to the city of our destination. Here a new view opened before us. The first few miles after leaving La Chine were a continual ascent through

thick woods, diversified here and there by a cottage planted on the road side: but this limited ~~view~~ prospect on a sudden expanded into another of immense extent, and endless variety. On our left, the fields were decked in all their gay attire of grain and pasture, equal in richness to any thing we had yet seen. These grounds were studded with neat white dwellings, rising at short intervals; and the whole was bounded by hills of singular outline, whose ~~difference~~ alternate of light and shadow brought out all their beauties of foliage and cultivation prominent to the eye. On the right hand the view stretched off into a wide plain on every side. We were now travelling upon the summit of the mountain which we had all along before been ascending: and from the base of this height the valley expanded very far below the level of our track. It embraced a multitude of farmed estates under the most perfect culture, through the midst of which the St. Lawrence ran its ~~dividing~~ waters till they were lost in the ~~distant~~ grounds.

Still further on, other high lands presented their blue sides before us, some of them of vast altitude, others remarkable only by their variety of rounded and conical tops. as we advanced from this point, the city of Montreal began to shew its roofs more and more before the eye; and on the brow of the green woody hill which is denominated the mountain of Montreal, beautiful stone edifices of private gentlemen were scattered like specks upon the landscape, and continued to be seen immediately behind the city itself. a monument of pyramidal shape like the rear of one of these dwellings attracted our attention here; though the name of the personage who erected it I cannot now call to mind. It was a memorial magnificent enough to record the virtues of some public character in life, but whether such was its intention or not, it caries an aspect imposingly solemn to the traveller, as it glitters behind the woody enclosure that surrounds it. The moun-

tain, however, and all that it contained, was soon forgotten in the interest of the town, in the noisy suburbs of which we were already driving our wheels. A circuitous route ~~through~~ in a multitude of directions brought us finally to a halting-place; and alighting from the dusty vehicle, we ascended the steps of Mr Clamp's comfortable and well-conditioned boarding-house in Capitale-Street.

When we had refreshed ourselves, by a little washing and dressing, from the fatigues of our morning's ride, we found that two hours yet remained at our disposal before the time of dinner, which, as is usual through the Canada ~~rule~~ territory even in public taverns, was fixed at 4. This space was just sufficient for obtaining a general idea of the plan and external appearance of the city: which we effected by taking a promenade down the whole extent of Notre Dame-Street, and back through a parallel direction, taking in occasionally some of the cross lanes. My very

first impression upon leaving the house, and taking an eye-glance around, was that of complete novelty and surprise. The whole town, as well as every part of it, conveys to an american who has never crossed the atlantic the remembrance of what he has so often read and imagined of old French provincial cities. The houses are all either of stone, or lath covered with plaister, whose ancient gray color carries exactly the same appearance. The streets are regular, and all at right angles to each other; but their narrowness gives them a dark, sombre tinge, not unlike the paly coloring of some of the city scenes in Jane Shore, or the Merchant of Venice. There is a strong, substantial air about the meanest of the buildings, owing to the materials of which they are built, which forms a strong contrast to the wooden hovels seen in so many parts of towns of the same size and pretensions through our own country. The bustle of business is incessant; and in the course of half an hour, Scotchman, Irishman,

Englishman, Frenchman both foreign and Canadian, and groups of shuffling Indians wrapped in their black cloths, and trickled in gaudy ornaments and embroidered sandals, passed in regular review before us, each engaged in his own personal affairs of bargaining traffic. Every thing had an additional interest in our eyes, from its being crowded with all the diversity of objects into so small and contracted a space. A few ~~steps~~ feet carry you from one side to the other of the ~~street~~; and the side-walks are a good deal on the primitive Dutch construction of ~~some of our narrower~~ ~~Lanes, as~~ Thames, Garden, or Beekman Street, making a passage for two persons, without one taking an ~~off~~-step into the gutter, hazardous if not impossible.

After surveying the exterior of the City Prison and the English Church, and taken a look at the magnificent column erected to Lord Nelson, which I should judge to be at least 130 feet high, surmounted by

a full-length figure of the great admiral, and adorned at the base with emblematic representations on four sides, we entered into the ancient Catholic cathedral of Notre Dame, situated in a spacious square called the Place d'armes. The building is marked on the outside with the date 1725; and the heavy, carved, oaken doors, and imposing massiveness of the whole structure, shew it to be the work of that or of an earlier day. Turning the handle of the great entrance, we found ourselves without previous passage through any lobby or anti-room, in the very house of worship, and directly in front of the high altar in the rear of the church. The different groups whom we found kneeling in silence on the floor, some in the body of the church, others before crucifixes erected at side-altars, of which there are three or four to be seen in different parts, shewed that this was the hour of secret confession. The scene before us was one

which of all others would be calculated to conciliate Protestant prejudices in favor of ~~Popish~~ the externals of ~~ceremonied~~ Popery. A deep and solemn stillness reigned in every quarter; and the look of pious horror which some of the ~~black-hooded~~ nuns darted at us from beneath their black hoods, when our footsteps disturbed their devotions, was, I verily believe, at that season, the pattern of their inward feelings. The roof is richly adorned with paintings; and on the walls are pictures of different historic transactions, as to the merit of which a hasty inspection would not allow me to form any decision. The size of this edifice, large as it is, is insufficient to accommodate the number of attendants; which has induced the trustees to purchase a new piece of ground, and to commence a fresh building of superior spaciousness and grandeur. On the following morning, which was Sunday, the square was nearly half filled with a crowd of ignorant devotees who could not obtain an entrance within

the walls for the immense press of worship-
pers.

Making our visit after a short time from the walls of Notre Dame, we took our departure down a street or two to pay a visit to the Catholic college; partly to take a look at a youngster from Newfork, who is passing through his probation in the institution at this time, and partly to gratify our curiosity by an inspection of its internal arrangements. One of the students answered our rap at the gateway, arrayed in the uniform of the school, which is a blue frock trimmed with white chord, and bound round the middle with a parti-colored sash. Having obtained his congé of the Senior ~~Director~~, or whatever else he might be called, who was sitting at a desk in a small apartment adjoining the hall, he conducted us through the whole building, which is spacious, massively constructed, and situated in an extensive ~~beautiful~~ green enclosure shaded with trees, and intersected with walks. Our guide, moreover, ~~kindly~~ informed us of every thing relating to the education and dis-

cipline of the school; and if his account be correct, it affords no inconsiderable advantages to those who are classically disposed, and at an uncommonly reasonable rate. The regular term of study is eight years; and the branches pursued are included, I believe, in the professorships of Mathematics, of Philosophy, of the Latin and French languages, and of Divinity. The Greek is only taught in the first rudiments: and the Theological department, like the government of the college, is altogether Catholic. There is a toleration of all religions allowed to the pupils: but from the crucifixes of gilded wood attached to the corner of every stairway and apartment which we entered, shewed that here as in other popish institutions, superstition leaves no stone unturned to drive her creed down the throats of the heretical, will or nill, by one shift or another. There is a lawsuit, as I have been credibly informed, now pending between the Trustees and the Crown in the Court of Chancery, as to the

validity of the claims of the present ~~trustees~~ professors to the property with which the Institution is endowed. If the Church loses it, woe to its reign in the city of Montreal: as its priests are all spawned in this place, ~~its~~ the influence of which also works silently and irresistibly in other quarters, ~~besides~~ where it might not readily be suspected, and whence the tide of power returns back to the source with double force. May it find a speedy translation into better hands!

Returning thanks to our civil conductor, we bent our pathway back to the dinner-table; and after a hearty replenishment of our inwards, spent the afternoon in scribbling and loitering, till the tolling of the vesper-bell announced to us that tea must be nearly ready. A refreshing potation of this beverage prepared us for a ~~good~~ comfortable resting on pillows and mattrass, which we took in good season, and enjoyed till a late hour on Sunday morning. This, being the eighteenth day of the month

of August, which I mention not because it is of any importance to give such information, but to preserve the order of my dates,- on this day we attended the English Church both morning and afternoon, as became men of our character. The Service, as regarded the musical part of it, was performed in a style of grandeur such as is not often our lot to witness on the American side of the frontier lines: but the reading of the Clergy was not exactly of a piece with the solemnity of the choir, being much too fast, and especially slovenly. The next day it rained without cessation from morning till night, which circumstance considerably incommoded a walk we were obliged to take of about two miles up the St. Lawrence, to the house of the Rev. Mr Stevens, Chaplain of the Forts, and afternoon Lecturer of St. Paul's.- The said Mr Stevens had invited us to a family dinner; and lest it should be supposed that any motives of miserly economy prevented us from riding the above

distance, we take this opportunity to mention, that the only kind of hired wheel conveyances to be obtained in Montreal are open calashes, which are as like the broad-backed, high-sided gigs of the long-beard Quakers, as any commodities I have seen. As to all protection from weather, a man would be worse off in one of these hacks, than in any other position in which he could possibly be placed on foot, provided he only had an umbrella to cover him from the pelting. The storm, however, did none of us any material injury; only that in returning we contrived to lose ourselves so completely, about 10 o' clock at night, as to be unable to find our inn before the 12th hour of the same.--

And now, worthy readers, I shall not any longer occupy your attention with an account of what we witnessed on Tuesday; by telling you how we saw a grand military funeral of the

Clark the Commissary, brother of the late Mrs Clarkin of our good city, whose body had been dug up from near Quebec for the purpose of being re-interred in his own town; how we visited the Convent and Hospital of Hôtel Dieu, founded in 1644; and how we had a long talk with Meredith Ogden, late of New-York, and an M.A. of Columbia College. I abstain from further particulars, because peculiar circumstances have intervened since the commencement of my narrative, which render it necessary for me to bring it to a speedy close.

On Tuesday afternoon we set out from Montreal on our return; ~~crossed~~ crossed over to La Prairie, about 9 miles over the bay of Montreal; thence went by stage to St. John's on the head of Lake Champlain; started from St. John's in the Steam-boat Congress (if

I rightly recollect the name) on Wednesday Morning, on our voyage down the Lake; touched on the way at Plattsburg, of famous memory, and at the tolerably neat village of Burlington in Vermont; arrived at Whitehall on Thursday morning about 7 o'clock, at a small settlement situated at the part of the Champlain where it is a river no wider than a common canal; thence proceeded for Albany, where we arrived about 9 in the ~~same~~ night of the same day; set off ~~from~~ thence on Friday morning in the Chancellor Livingston Steam boat, and ~~touched~~ ~~the~~ dock near the State Prison, about a mile from that quarter of the city where the yellow fever was then, and where it is now raging, at 6 on Saturday morning.— Amid all my recollections of pleasure, Niagara stands foremost.

I rejoice that that one sight out of all that I have seen has been vouchsafed me; and verily believe that I shall never see any thing of its species equal to it, on this side the moon. — I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Timothy Shoderaft.

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Monday, Sept. 30, 1822.

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